BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER, 1953

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 47 No. 4 OCTOBER, 1953

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CONTENTS

Cover Design *Carmine*

Articles

What To Make Of Him?
by *Honor Croome* 13 and 75

Judgment Of Paris
by *Rosemary Chubb*
Sketches
by *Alfred Schall* 14–15 and 79

"The Knot Of Peace . . ."
by *A Wimpole Street Doctor* 16 and 64

It's The Women Who Choose
by *Roger Fuller* 20–21 and 79–80

Once A Country Inn 24–25

Carnation
by *W. E. Shewell-Cooper*
Illustrations
by *H. Barnet* 26–27 and 60

Nicolette—the Saracen Captive
by *John Herbert*
Illustrations
by *Robert Hodgson* 31–33 and 80

Knit Two 34–35 and 58

Mere Mousers
by *Francis Butterfield*
Illustrations
by *Ralph Thompson* 36–37 and 74–75

October Reading
by *Trevor Allen* 38 and 60

Siege Of Winter
by *Laurel Pascal*
Illustrations
by *John Heseltine* 39 and 62

Clockwise
by *Humphrey Knight* 40

Better Be Hungry Than Cold
by *Katherine Betts* 41 and 62

Jersey Has Everything
Photographs
by *Michael Williams* 42–43

They Work Unseen
by *Kay Smallshaw*
Illustrations
by *Tess Cruikshanks* 44–45 and 66

Beauty On A Budget
by *Chrysis* 46–47 and 75

Shopping For You 48–49

Wine And Women
by *P. M. Dixon*
Illustrations
by *J. Kirby* 50–51 and 64

Battle For Bread
by *A Leading Bio-Chemist* 52

Pastaciutta
by *Janet Darby*
Illustrations
by *J. Kirby* 54 and 80

Stories

The Racehorse Hypnotist
by *Robin Maugham*
Illustrations
by *Paul Rainer* 9–12 and 66

Summer Christmas
by *Beth Dutton*
Illustrations
by *Mitchell* 17–19 and 68, 70, 72, 74

Legacy For Lovers
by *Jacques Gillies*
Illustrations
by *Dowsett* 22–23 and 76–78

The Bargain
by *Nigel Sligh*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 28–30 and 56–58

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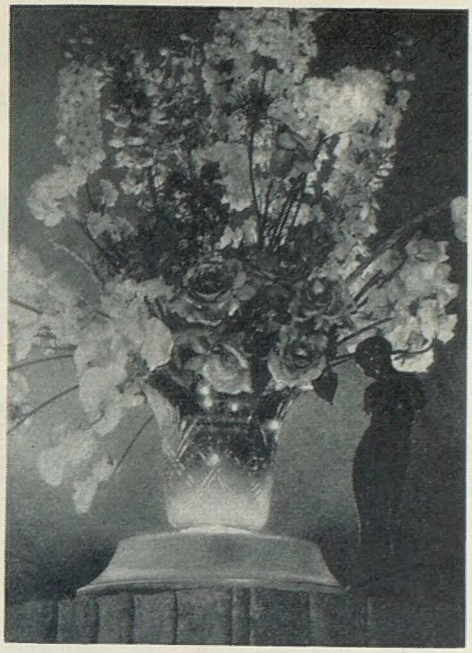

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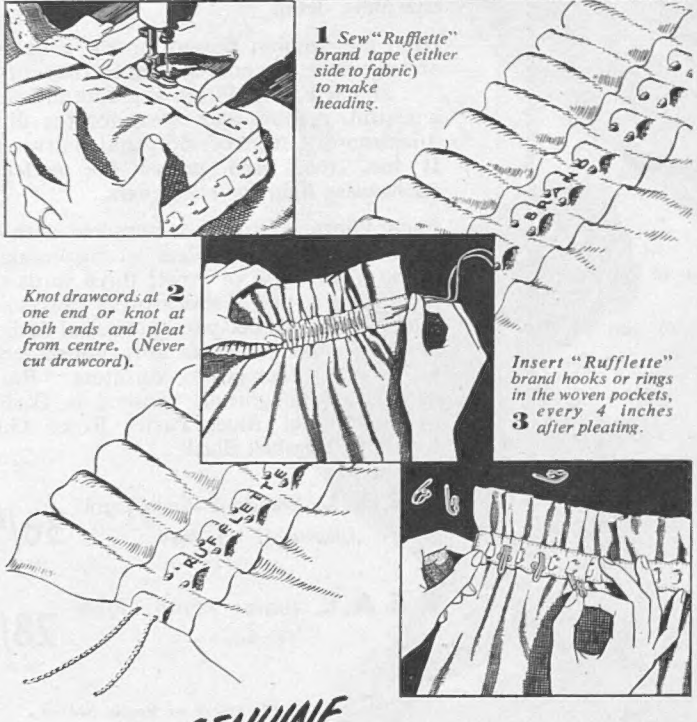
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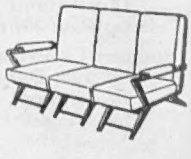

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B.E. 7

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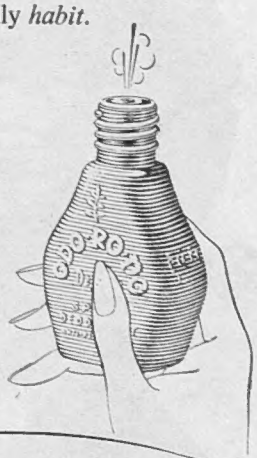

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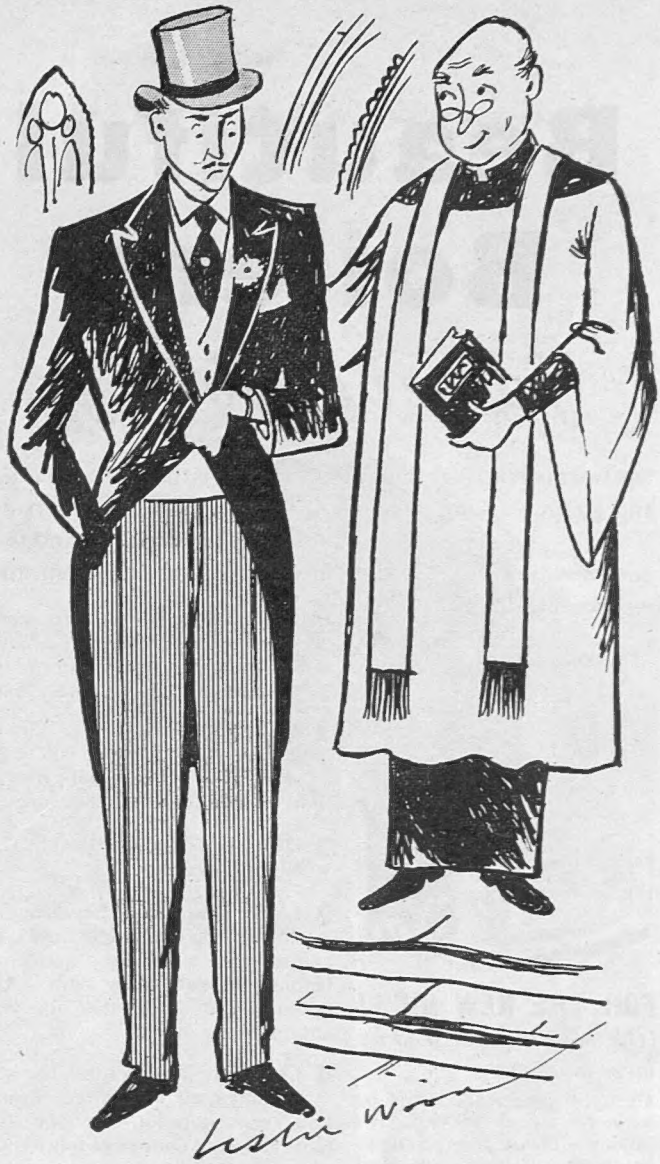

Is it possible that you're waiting for Pamela Doreen Brown?

imaginary lady

Pamela Doreen Brown has dashed off to town, on hearing some news* that was thrilling. You're left in the lurch standing here at the church. Shall we fix for *next* week if you're willing?

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P5

Beautiful Boilers

for everybody

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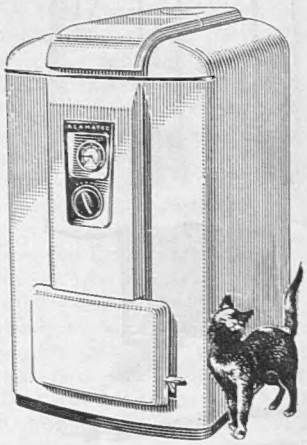


Here are a few of the outstanding things about these beautifully-behaved boilers. Choose whichever of the two you like: The Agamatic (either one)

1 Never goes out — *never*. Get up half an hour later when you've got an Agamatic. No morning fire to spoil the day for you, *ever again*.

2 Heats the water very quickly, very cheaply, very hot.

3 Looks after itself. No seeing-to, no swearing-at. No dampers, no adjusting, no wooing and wondering before you have your bath. The thermostat does all that for you, automatically.

4 Costs very little to run. The heat is really used, not wasted. Insulation keeps it inside the boiler (the outside is cool enough to touch), and the special circular grate stops ash from building up between the water and the fire.

FOR THE NEW RICH!

(Or those impoverished by large houses)

The full-size Agamatic; heats the water for a tank of 40 to 100 gallons — that is, gives you up to four baths every hour; *or* heats up to 200 sq. ft. of central heating.

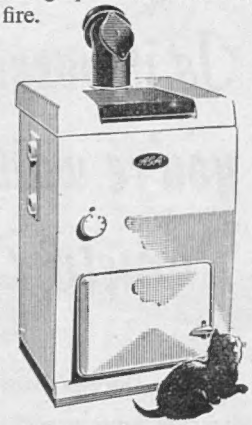
It is a very fine boiler indeed and costs **£55**

(£60 with rust-proofed boiler)

5 Saves any amount of work and trouble. Riddling is quick, easy, thorough — and infrequent. You tread on a pedal to open the ashpit door, and lift up the top with your naked hand. You do not get dust and ash all over the place: the Agamatic is *clean*.

6 Designed to burn coke or any smokeless fuel.

7 Hire Purchase over one or two years if you feel that way inclined.



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Anyone who is thinking of buying a boiler should write at once for illustrated leaflets about these two.

THE ADDRESS IS:

AGA HEAT LTD.,
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The word 'Agamatic' is a registered trade mark of Aga Heat Ltd.
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FOR THE NEW POOR!

(Or those enriched by compact plumbing)

The new Agamatic 25/40; for the house without central heating (beyond a towel rail). Heats the water for a tank of 25-40 gallons — that is, for up to two baths every hour.

It is only 18 inches wide and costs **£29**

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SAVE MONEY TOO!

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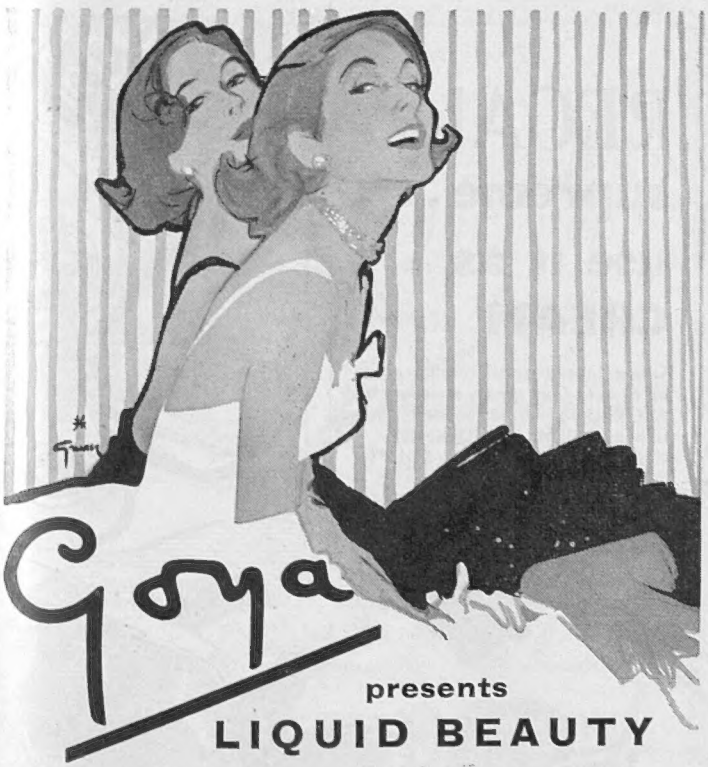

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GOYA PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

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Braemar twin-sets and sweaters can be had in fine Lambswool and smooth Botany worsted, as well as spun silk and silky soft Cashmere. Finished so exquisitely that you could almost wear it inside out, your Braemar is a treasure to cherish for a long, long time. You can be the proud possessor of an exquisite Braemar twin-set for £5.5s. or even less: the very height-of-luxury Braemars cost more, of course.

Every Braemar woollie you now buy has a special moth-proofing finish to give it an even longer life!

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"I'd never go back from Electricity to old-fashioned cooking now!"

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For friendly advice and information, go to your Electricity Showrooms or Service Centre. They will be glad to help you. *They can also let you have details about easy payments–and the new free book, full of useful ideas for saving work,* **ELECTRICITY IN YOUR KITCHEN**; *or write for a copy to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.*

ELECTRICITY
a Power of Good

"Everything keeps so clean *with electric cooking; you can have flowers in the kitchen too."*

E.D.A./38

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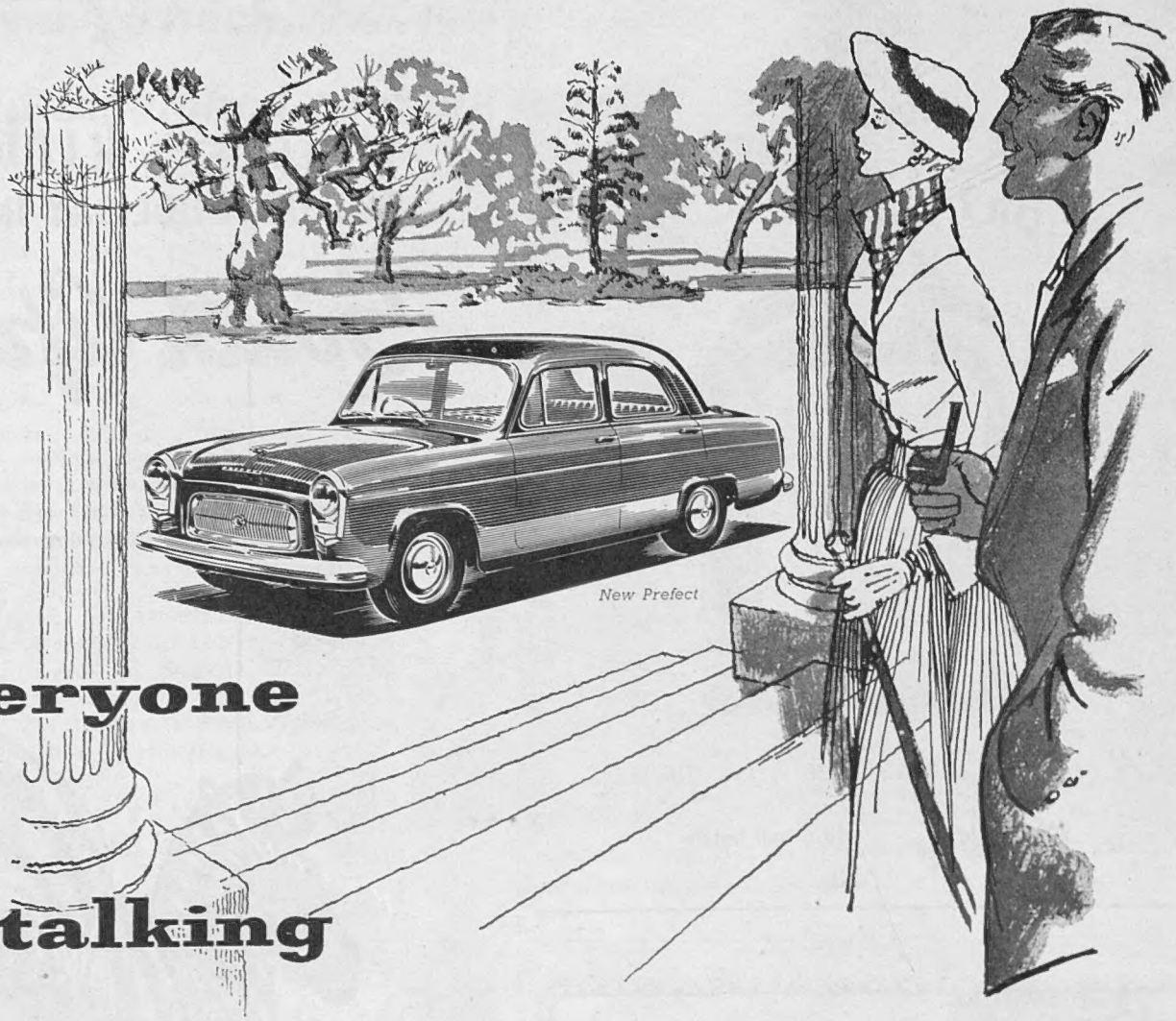

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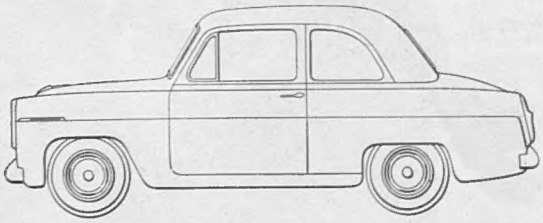

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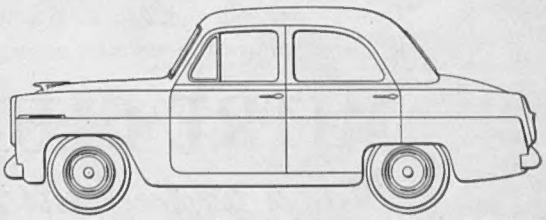

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BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

Ford **'5-Star' motoring — the best at lowest cost**

The RACEHORSE HYPNOTIST

by

ROBIN MAUGHAM

Illustrations by

PAUL RAINER

THE little man in the limp brown suit stared wearily at his gin-and-tonic. His long nose and large, heavily-fringed eyes set in a small, wizened face made him look like a very old gazelle.

"My name is Henry Birston," he said. "*Now* perhaps you understand?"

The lorry-driver looked at him across the table of the saloon bar and sipped his bitter.

"I can't rightly say that I do," he said.

"You've never heard of Henry Birston?"

"No."

"Birston with an 'i,' of course?"

"No."

"That just goes to show," the little man said, his long lashes flickering with annoyance. "Allow me to tell you that three years ago I was famous, I, and I alone, could fill the Albert Hall."

"You don't say."

"And the Palais de Danse at Blackpool."

"Reely?"

"And Caxton Hall."

"But what did you do?"

The little man raised his head proudly.

"I was one of the most celebrated practising hypnotists in Europe," he said.

"Well, I never."

"Across this table you see a victim of vulgar prejudice," he said, waggling his thumb. "A man forbidden to practise his own profession because of mass ignorance and superstition in high and low places. So far as I'm concerned you can have the House of Commons. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*"

"Across this table you see a victim of vulgar prejudice," he said, waggling his thumb

" You can't half talk," the lorry-driver said admiringly.

" Talk ! It was more than talk. Though, of course, talk did enter into it," the little man said, gazing reflectively at the ceiling with his large, liquid eyes.

* * * *

It was at the Palladium, Bognor Regis, that my troubles started, he said. I ought to have been more careful because I 'd seen the new moon through glass. But everything seemed all right. The " House Full " notices were up outside the theatre, and that pleased me because a full house always makes the audience more prone to suggestion. It 's the atmosphere, you know,

Before starting to operate my mass suggestion, I decided to call two or three volunteers on to the stage and operate on them. If an audience can see an individual completely hypnotised it 's easier to work on them in the mass.

My first volunteer was a man. As soon as I saw him I knew he was going to be a push-over. He was intelligent, but not too intelligent, and though he walked on to the stage with a jaunty smile I could see that he was nervous, which meant that part of his mind, at least, believed that there was *something* in my powers.

I went to work on him in my usual way. I asked him to sit on a chair in the middle of the stage. I asked him to look straight into my eyes for a few seconds. As soon as our eyes met I dilated my pupils. I then began to talk to him firmly and loudly in a monotonous tone of voice. I told him he was beginning to feel sleepy, that his eyelids felt heavy, that he would soon feel pleasantly relaxed.

Then suddenly I produced my pencil. It 's a little pencil, made of bright gold, that was given me, I may tell you, by the Maharanee of Swavah.

" Now you must look at my pencil," I said to him soothingly, turning my dilated pupils on him.

And sure enough, his eyelids fell of their own accord. My battle was won. The rest was easy. I just had to put the ideas into his mind, that 's all. First, I told him he was playing in the finals at Wimbledon.

" It 's your service," I said.

He got up from his chair, threw an imaginary ball up into the air with his left hand, raised his right arm, twisted his body and unleashed himself with a terrific smash. The audience howled with laughter. I had a rare old time with him. I had him dancing in a ballet, swimming the Channel, and climbing Mount Everest. The audience were rolling about, they laughed so.

I finished with a demonstration of post-hypnotic suggestion.

I said: "I 'm going to clap my hands three times. At the third clap you 'll wake up and a bee will just have stung you on the nose."

Sure enough, at the third clap he came out of the trance. He looked round, a bit dazed. Then his hand shot to his nose.

The applause was deafening. I shook him by the hand and thanked him.

"Next volunteer, please!" I called out. "And if it 's a lady I promise to let her off lightly."

When I saw her climbing on to the stage I should have called it off then and there. I 'd only to say: "I 'm afraid you 're not a suitable type, madam." But my pride was my downfall. I let her come gawking up the steps from the stalls on to the stage, and I never stopped her.

She was one of the tallest girls I 've ever seen, with shoes the size of a Guardsman's. At first I thought she was a soldier dressed up, but as she came closer I saw that she was unmistakably female. She had projecting teeth and a smile that was just plain silly. There were titters when she sat down in the chair.

I began as usual by telling her to look into my eyes. At the moment our eyes met I realised she was going to be a tough proposition. She was so bloody stupid there was nothing there to hypnotise.

"Your eyelids are beginning to droop," I said, with as much conviction as I could muster. "You 're beginning to feel sleepy."

"No, I 'm not," she said, briskly.

When the audience laughed I began to get cross. I dilated my pupils to their extreme.

"You 're beginning to feel happily relaxed," I said, firmly.

"Because I 'm with you," she said, bashfully.

She leaned forward and kissed me. "Wake up!" I shouted

The laughter made me wild. I glared at her. "Your eyelids are getting moist," I said.

"Not yet," she simpered.

I could sense that the audience was getting out of hand. I summoned up my energies for one last effort. I fixed my eyes on her, exerting all my powers. It felt as if my eyeballs were bursting. Then I produced my pencil. Immediately she closed her eyes. And I knew I had won.

I was still cross, though. So I told her the stage she was standing on was red-hot. At once she began hopping from one foot to the other, screwing up her face and waving her hands. The audience rocked. She 'd have dived into the orchestra pit if I hadn't stopped her.

Well, my fit of temper had passed and I began to feel sorry for the old cow. So I told her that the chair she was sitting on was a seat in a punt on the Thames. And there she sat with a soppy smile on her face, dabbling her fingers into water that wasn't there, as happy as the Queen of Sheba.

Then I saw it was time to begin my mass suggestion. So I told her that on the third clap of my hands she 'd wake up fresh and relaxed.

"One," I said, "two . . . *three*!"

And nothing happened. She was still trailing her fingers in the air and looking up at me with that soppy smile.

I clapped my hands again. No result.

"Wake up!" I said, sternly.

No result. She was still dabbling her fingers in the Thames.

I went up to her and put my arms on her shoulders. Then the awful event occurred. She leaned forward and kissed me.

I suppose it was the catcalls and laughter from the audience that made me lose my head. I shook her violently.

"Wake up!" I shouted. But she still smiled up at me dreamily.

I slapped her face. No result. I was so intent on getting her to come out of her trance that I didn't see her brother climbing on to the stage. And then it was too late. He knocked me flat, the brute.

I WAS out for three hours. The real trouble was that his oafish sister was out for six whole months. Nothing they could do could bring her round, and her family weren't keen for me to see her. In fact, they 'd called in the police. And when she did at last wake up they wanted to prosecute.

Well, for various reasons the girl wouldn't give evidence against me. I got bound over for two years all the same. I was told that next time I'd get three years in gaol.

That morning when I left the court I felt I was a ruined man. The judge had said some very cruel things about me and I knew my career was finished.

As I walked up the lonely road there was a horse standing harnessed to a milk van. I noticed the horse because it reminded me of that stupid girl. I was about five yards away from the animal when it lifted its head, looked at me in a knowing kind of way, and neighed—"Whahaihai," like that.

Something about it made me furious. So I gave it a nasty stare and said "Whahaihai to you," and walked on. I turned because I heard a clatter. Bless me if the horse hadn't sunk to the ground. I went back to look. There it was, lying on the pavement, breathing peacefully, its eyes tight shut. I pulled back the eyelids. There was no doubt. The horse was in a trance.

As I walked away it dawned on me that though I 'd lost one means of making money I 'd probably discovered another. So the next day I moved to Newmarket.

* * * *

I 'd been round the bars for a fortnight before I met the types I needed. Call them Wing and Davies. Wing was a big, hefty chap with a face like a beetroot, and

I held up my gold pencil for a minute—
and the trick was done

a limp. Davies, his crony, was on the small side, with a foxy face, and a scar on his cheek that he said had been caused by a horse's hoof, though I think it was more likely a razor.

At first, of course, they wouldn't believe me. So I took them to a field where there was a pony grazing. Within a couple of minutes it was sleeping like a two-year-old, which it probably was.

"That 's no good to us," said Wing.

"No good at all," said Davies. He had a habit of repeating what Wing said that got on my nerves after a while.

"If you put a horse out cold like that," Wing explained, "it wouldn't run."

"And the second favourite would become favourite," Davies chipped in.

"Well, what do you want ?" I asked.

"Couldn't you just half-hypnotise it so that it wouldn't go to sleep but would just run slow ?"

That meant getting the animal into the stage known as a light trance.

"It might be possible—with practice," I added.

"Could you be ready for the Bath races on May the 14th and 15th ?"

That gave me three weeks. "Could be," I said.

"The favourites always win at Bath," Davies said, with a smirk.

"Mind you, I 'll only fix one horse a day," I said. "It 's apt to be tiring."

"One horse is good enough for us," Wing said, with a hearty laugh.

"How shall we share the profits ?" I asked.

* * * *

Well, I thought they were very unfair about the profits. They insisted we each had a third share. After all, I had to take the risk. They had only got to find the money and put it on the Tote. And I 'd worn myself to the bone tramping round Newmarket trying to find lone horses to practise on. However, I 'd got nearly perfect. There was one cart-horse that wandered about in a daze for weeks after I 'd dilated my pupils at him.

So on the 14th May down we all three went to Bath. Now, the odds-on favourite for the four o'clock was Fontara (by Chanson—French for "song"—out of Tara's Queen), and the second favourite was Starry Boy (by Castor out of Homing Maiden). The race was seven furlongs, which gave my efforts full time to have their effect. There were no other horses worth a jot in the race. What I had to do was to put Fontara into a light trance so he 'd just canter down the course. Meanwhile Wing and Davies would back Starry Boy.

I confess I was sweating terribly under the new bowler hat they had bought me when we got into the Members Enclosure. But it was all easier than I thought. At precisely three-thirty-five Fontara, a chestnut colt, was led into an open stall facing the paddock. The travelling lad and a stable boy began fussing round him, while the jockey was being weighed out. I leaned against a white rail only five yards away, watching innocently. It was while they were slipping the bit into his mouth that I caught his eye. He cocked back his ears and stared me full in the face. I took out my gold pencil as if to mark my race-card. I held it up for a minute, and the trick was done. I saw him relax perceptibly. My task was over, so I walked off to the grandstand to join Wing and Davies, who were very fretful, I thought. You 'd have thought they 'd got three thousand on instead of three hundred. When Fontara cantered slowly up to the start they became positively tetchy.

"I don't see anything wrong with him," Wing hissed in my ear. "The jockey 's just holding him in, that 's all."

"Just you wait," I said, trying to sound calm.

"That 's what we 're going to do," Davies said quite nastily.

When someone bellowed "They 're off !" I started so that I nearly dropped the binoculars they 'd lent me. But though my hands were trembling, I could still see that one horse was already well behind.

Fontara finished in a slow canter, last by some forty lengths.

Naturally the stewards had the horse examined. But, of course, there wasn't a trace of dope. And naturally everyone held different theories about it. I thought the racing correspondent for the *Daily Post* put it best. "Fontara ran as if in a trance," he wrote. And in a trance he certainly was.

During the next fortnight our partnership went from strength to strength. Unfortunately, Wing was ambitious. He was tired of small meetings, (*Continued on page* 66)

Prestige, perhaps without prosperity, or a job without kudos but plenty to earn. Which will you choose for your boy?

What to Make of Him?

by HONOR CROOME

MEET Johnny, the problem. Age, eighteen next birthday. Physique, good average. Scholastic record, good average. Character, decent, ambitious, completely unformed. Immediate prospect, the call-up. Father's financial situation, tightish. . . . What—this is the problem—what shall Johnny be?

Father is, let us say, a professional man himself, with only his earnings to depend on; reasonably successful, prudent and self-sacrificing. Years ago he took out education policies for Johnny and for Johnny's younger brother and sister; they made a horrible hole in his prewar income, but at least, thought Father, we've got three educations nicely salted down. He did cheerful little sums on the backs of envelopes—five years' public school at £150 a year, three years' university at say £200 a year overall, and, of course, there *might* be scholarships. After that, no doubt, there would still be a longish interval, depending on luck or choice of profession, before Johnny and the others in turn became fully self-supporting; also training fees, premiums, the cost of a practice or a partnership. But Father was reasonably confident. Everything was under control.

Today things look very different. The thousand pounds which were supposed to cover most of Johnny's educational costs from thirteen plus to twenty-two were devoured by little more than three years' schooling at postwar rates. Johnny could pass university entrance all right, but he is no scholarship winner—and anyway a parental income good for three sets of public school fees is an automatic disqualification for all but a token grant. And then? Another thousand pounds or so to launch a budding barrister, who must, moreover, be kept through lean and briefless years? Or another six or seven hundred to bring a medical or dental student to qualifying point—again with five or six years' keep thrown in? Or shall Johnny be an architect? That means five years' architectural school, one way or another, a couple of thousand pounds from now to self-support, though things can be managed more cheaply if Johnny serves an apprenticeship, working for his examinations at night.

Matters will be easier if his bent is scientific—towards chemistry, say, or engineering; he can count on a job as soon as he has graduated, so three years' university fees will do the trick. If he were a high-powered intellectual, a born First Class, he could similarly step straight into an academic career after graduation; but he isn't. If he had a bent for schoolteaching he could, at a pinch, short-circuit the university and take a two-year training college course at a fraction of the cost; if he had a vocation for the Church his way would be equally clear though a little longer. But Johnny had no vocation. He simply wants to earn, preferably in a reasonably interesting way, a decent middle-class living.

It is true that teaching, however ill-paid, has a certain appeal to the safety-first type even in the absence of a positive taste; but Johnny is not as safety-first as all that. And the Church, for good or ill, no longer offers material rewards which could tempt an ordinary, unspiritual young man to imagine a "call."

Father's sums overflow on to the second quarto sheet. And to every calculation of the years that must pass before a professionally qualified Johnny is off his hands there must be added those two years of National Service. Really, thinks Father, is it worth while? Hadn't Johnny better simply take an ordinary business job and work his way up, earning and learning as he goes? He need not entirely give up the family tradition of professional status. Starting now, at three pounds a week, he can reach in six years with a firm of accountants a better salary than a graduate teacher's. A bank will train him on the job, with pocket money now, a fearfully low salary for a long way ahead, but plenty of room at the top. Many big industrial concerns run apprenticeship schemes which sift the young entry, year by year, according to aptitude and openings, into the channels of promotion best suiting them—with university grants, at the right stage, for the youngster who will bring a profitable qualification back to the shops or the office. . . . Wouldn't the saving, in fees and in keep, be more useful as a nest egg?

And then, so Father reflects, the professions and business are drawing closer together. The professional nowadays is more likely to be a salary earner (*Continued on page* 75)

What really happened at the Paris dress shows?

ROSEMARY CHUBB gives you the truth about the short skirt controversy

Dior's beloved princess line. A ballooning paper taffeta coat has window-blind ruching on the sleeves

Jacques Fath's gleaming rose-red satin with curving drapes accentuating the bosom line above a neat flat diaphragm

The short bulky coat is the big winter story. Lanvin trims it with a martingale belt and a leopard skin collar

JUDGMENT of PARIS

The new-look suit has curving shoulders accentuated with darting and a full neck muff (Jacques Fath)

Coats are bulky-topped and tapering with shoulder yokes. Dior's tobacco-brown with nutria, right

The bulky round-shouldered look again tapering to a straight skirt. Dior's gift suit in black speckled tweed

TWICE a year—in the cold of January and the heat of July—news agency messages sizzle over the wires announcing "Sensational Developments" in Paris Collections. While the professional fashion writers (who are also serious students of their subjects) are still sitting on gilt chairs in the showrooms of the Avenue Montaigne or the Avenue Georges V, scribbling notes and pondering on the *true* fashion-value of what they are seeing, English women are often laid by the ears through scare-reports of what Paris designers are up to. This happens because there is in some quarters in Britain a sort of antagonism to fashion—and a certain kind of journalism which plays upon this sensitive spot.

This season, Christian Dior drew the fire. Dior, who gave new life to world fashion business with his "New Look"; whose Tulip Line—the bulky-topped, round-shouldered look sponsored by Balenciaga even earlier—has now been followed and adapted by every house in Paris.

Early agency messages quoted him as shortening skirts to the knees; as sponsoring a "flapper look" of unparalleled hideousness; as spreading panic in the dress trade. Memories of the storm-in-a-teacup New Look should have been a warning—but no; ready for the worst, public opinion bared its teeth and, goaded by the terrifying reports, was ready to bite the hand that dressed it.

What actually happened was quite unsensational.

Having fought my way, as I do twice a year (in common with all other fashion writers) across Dior's crowded threshold, through the boutique where wicker-work ladies, diamond-eyed, loll against the walls displaying ravishing ready-to-wear Dior clothes, up the stairs, past the vendeuses and into my gilt chair, I was bruised, perspiring and bad-tempered. But neither the heat, noise nor the conversational abilities of my two Frenchwomen neighbours could destroy my comfortable awareness that this was an excellent collection.

Dior *had* shortened his always very long skirts, but he had given his clients a *choice* of lengths. Nothing was knee-high; some hemlines were two inches below the knee; other skirts ended where the calf narrows (*Continued on page 79*)

By a Wimpole Street Doctor

Come Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release.
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

Sir Philip Sidney

"the knot of peace . . ."

STATISTICS are usually boring to anyone but a statistician, but sometimes they are the best method of sounding the alarm. That is why, as a doctor, I worry when a survey shows that one in fourteen of this country's adult population suffers from persistent insomnia. The poll also indicated that about one in five endures occasional bouts of sleeplessness.

If more proof of the sorry state of affairs is needed the taxpayer need only consult the bill for the National Health Service. The distribution of barbiturated drugs—nearly always needed for insomnia and its effects—is reaching fantastic proportions. Unfortunately many doctors almost automatically obey the demand of those people who make a weekly visit to the surgery "for my sleeping tablets, Doctor."

Many thousands of people never turn off the bedside light until they have swallowed that little pellet of artificial sleep. This facile use of barbiturates is insidiously but rapidly creating a large body of drug addicts.

Because insomnia can hardly be called a disease in the usual sense of the term, and because other troubles which it both creates and follows tend to disguise it, professional study of the problem has been tardy. Very recently, however, knowledge has been gained about the mechanics of sleep.

The kernel of the matter remains unopened. Just what sleep is no two experts will agree upon, but the most generally accepted theory is that it is a form of mild poisoning. During the day's expenditure of energy waste products collect until both brain and body are given a natural anaesthesia during which the poisons and waste products are dispelled.

If the existence of sleep is still a mystery the means of obtaining it are now more clear. Sleep is an absolute necessity, and without it life ceases at a period of eight or nine days.

It may be of some slight comfort to the insomniac, tossing about restlessly at 3 a.m., to know that his suspicions that he will never get to sleep are unfounded. He will certainly sleep eventually. Under the extreme conditions of war, men have slept while marching, at the driving wheels of lorries, and—in the foul experiments of doctors who disgraced their profession in concentration camps—while undergoing torture.

Sleep is like a wayward lover. She remains tantalizingly aloof when wooed too vehemently—and steals gently in when ignored. Of all the natural activities of a human being, sleep is probably the only one on which the mind cannot enforce its orders. There is no triumph of will over body. Sleep does not come to order.

Most of the sufferers from severe insomnia I have treated successfully are busy, intense folk who, at least subconsciously, regard sleep as a necessary waste of time.

These sufferers are highly civilized, intelligent people, trying to run themselves as intricate and efficient machines. The daily timetable is important to them.

TO some extent we all risk insomnia through slavery to the clock. Eight hours per day may be a reasonable average period of sleep, but like all averages, it bears no relation to individual requirements. The insomniac should forget the TV programme, the social niceties of bedtime, the feelings of the rest of the family, and go to bed when he feels the need. Alteration of the conventional time for going to bed is a surprisingly frequent solution of the problem of getting a good night's rest.

Remember, the old wives' story that an hour before midnight is worth two afterwards is nonsense. Man was probably once a nocturnal animal. He can certainly sleep as well from midday to midnight as from midnight to midday, and his health will not suffer.

Study of the sleep rhythm has been a subject of interest at the University of Chicago for some years. On a visit I was able to study the meticulous records of sleeping habits in tests of many hundreds of students. The sleep rhythm reveals itself in body temperature changes.

Just before natural sleep will come easily the temperature drops. While it is low the body uses (*Continued on page* 64)

Summer Christmas

by BETH DUTTON

SHIRLEY sat at the breakfast table, facing her husband. Outside, the Australian bush stretched into the distance under a steady glare of sunshine.

"Looks as if your first Christmas here is going to be a scorcher," Colin remarked.

"Whr-r-r-r-p!" went his five-year-old son.

Shirley turned to find he had made a hurdle on the tablecloth with a strip of toast and was jumping his pony over it, his pony being a very buttery finger.

"Oh, Peer, your manners! Whatever am I going to do about them?" She put the toast back on his plate. "Now eat it up. Peer! Eat it up!"

Her voice had that fault-finding tone she tried to be so careful never to use to her small stepson.

She caught Colin's eye and smiled apologetically.

"It's the temperature," she excused herself. "And me used to snow on Christmas Eve!"

A cloud of crumbs emerged as Peer asked what snow was.

"Not with your mouth full, Peer!" Shirley protested. "And don't, please, put any more toast in till you swallow that."

She looked at him ruefully. She seemed to be as inadequate in coping with his table manners as she was in handling him generally.

There were two reasons for Peer's loneliness. Shirley could tackle one, the other baffled her

She glanced at Colin. He apparently didn't notice she was doing anything wrong.

"Another cup, darling?" she said, her hand going eagerly to the teapot beside her.

He shook his head. "No, thanks." Starting to fold his napkin, he went on, "I have to move some sheep up near Boolawa today and I've let Rusty go off on a Christmas spree, so I may not get home early. But I'll try. After all," he smiled, "this is Christmas Eve."

Pushing his chair back he stood up. He wore no coat, just a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up for coolness. It made him seem extra tall as he came around the table and put his hand gently at the back of Shirley's neck and ruffled her short hair.

"And the kid's first real Christmas," he said, as he bent to kiss her.

Shirley knew he was thinking of those two bleak ones after Marion's death and she resolved to do her best to make this Christmas exciting and different. Then she looked at that aloof child across the table and couldn't help wondering how she was going to do it.

Colin went out and Peer scrambled down from his chair and ran after him. It always happened, and Shirley didn't blame him. But each time she wished he wouldn't leave her with quite so much enthusiasm.

She went to the kitchen to get Colin's lunch and when she came back to the hall he was talking to Peer, telling him how fine Christmas was going to be now that Mummie was here. He was quite worked up about it in his calm way. In

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MITCHELL

fact, big and lanky though he was, he looked more like a little boy than his son did as a beam spread over his face.

When he raised his eyes and saw Shirley he smiled and she thought how awful it would be to fall short of his high hopes of her.

She gave him the packet of sandwiches and the thermos of tea to go in his saddlebags.

"Got your pipe, darling? And your tobacco?"

He patted his pockets. "Yes, thanks."

He stooped to give her a goodbye kiss, and Peer ran out to where the mare was tethered in the slight shade of a giant gumtree. The sheepdog stood nearby, alert and ready.

Shirley watched Colin stride across what would be a lawn if the grass would only grow properly, watched him lift Peer into the saddle. The little boy hung on while his father took the reins and walked ahead of Noonday, with the kelpie barking happily beside him. Peer's short ride to the gate was a daily ritual.

Today, though, Shirley had a quick, frightened feeling of not belonging in the picture. That tall man leading the horse with the intent child up there in the saddle were at one with each other as they were with the brown country that lay sundrenched beneath the high blue sky. They were complete without her.

Colin turned and waved, but Peer didn't even glance back. She wished he had waved, too.

SUDDENLY she could visualize him again, that day she arrived, with his clear blue eyes and the same tawny hair as Colin's, standing beside Rusty under the corrugated iron roof of the shed that passed for a railway station.

Perfectly still he had waited while Colin and she stepped off the train. Very straight, very small and solemn against that background of vast lonely bush which lay beyond the one street of the shabby little township of Boolawa.

With a quick surge of aching to make up to him for what he had lost, she had run forward with outstretched arms.

It had been a mistake. It was for his father he had been waiting, and he managed to slide away from Shirley and take sanctuary with him.

Since then, doubly conscious of her inexperience with children, she hadn't dared to make (*Continued on page* 68)

The hens were in no mood to be social. Shirley held out her hand, snapping her fingers as if to a pet dog

It's the *Women* who *Choose*

By ROGER FULLER

"IN the United States," a British motor manufacturer told me, "we have discovered that the woman definitely buys the car, and it may well be that soon they will also dictate the purchase in Britain."

"Dictate" is a strong word, but opinion is generally held that even now the feminine influence—direct or indirect—is remarkably strong in the choice of a new family car.

For many months in fact, leading motor manufacturers have been pondering over two problems: how many of the current licence holders in Britain are women and what will they expect to see when the new season's models are unveiled as the Duke of Edinburgh opens the 38th International Motor Show at Earls Court, London, this month. (October 21.)

They know there are approximately 8,000,000 holders of driving licences in Britain, of which a large number are women; but not even the Ministry of Transport knows the proportion. The fact that there are 90,000 individual women members of the Automobile Association—including the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret—does not give any real clue, as all wives of AA. members enjoy equal rights with their husbands.

British manufacturers, however, have been able to keep their fingers on the pulse of the woman motorist's interest by careful consultation with their sales staffs at home and abroad and have gone to greater pains than ever before to meet your demands, *mesdames*, and try to tempt you with sleek new models at the most competitive prices compatible with the present high production costs.

The makers have gone out of their way to study feminine fads because it is good business. They know that women's influence on car sales in Britain is big; but, as yet, they do not know how big.

Accordingly, they have incorporated many refinements required by women in the new season's models that will be shown at Earls Court. Wise women drivers, as well as passengers, want to ride in a safe motor-car. As a friend wise-cracked: "It is not how fast I can go, but how fast I can stop." Therefore, big improvements in braking systems will be an important feature of this Motor Show.

Steering has also been improved on most models. It is lighter and more accurate, making it safer and more simple to manoeuvre even the largest limousines.

Visibility—another important safety feature—has also been increased, particularly on some of the smaller vehicles, which are being fitted with the new "hard top" made of fibre glass.

On the Hillman Minx 10-h.p. Californian, for instance, this permits a fashionable compromise between saloon and coupé. Wide panoramic front and rear screens and windows that lie concealed within the body panels when lowered (and no central body pillars) permit all-round vision.

The modern synchro-mesh gear box is so simple and smooth to operate that, except on certain sports cars, the gear lever has almost disappeared from its floorboard position, to be replaced by a finger-tip control beneath the steering wheel, giving increased leg room in front. The brake lever, tucked flat on the floor beside the driver's seat is another obstruction which, in the past, has been responsible for torn frocks and laddered nylons.

Manufacturers have found that the average woman buyer seldom looks under the bonnet of a new car, unless she has been in the Services and acquired a special interest in mechanical matters. Nowadays, they take engine performance for granted, where well-established makers are concerned; but they are extremely critical and selective as regards the bodywork.

In any case, from knowledge gained from privileged peeps under the dust covers hiding the secrets of several new models, I can tell you there will be no revolutionary engine designs where the popular makes are concerned, though there are whispers of an interesting new Ford model of medium power which will be an eye-of-the-show surprise.

Instead, designers have concen- (*Continued on page 79*)

This month's Motor Show reveals many models likely to appeal to feminine tastes

Features of the Standard Vanguard women in particular will appreciate are the light, hydraulically-operated clutch, easy-lift, spring-loaded bonnet, big luggage-boot, and enclosed petrol filler cap

Fashionable compromise between saloon and coupe, the Hillman Minx Californian has the new fibre-glass "hard top"—giving all-round vision through panoramic rear screen and pillarless side windows

Vauxhall's six-cylinder Velox claims 80 m.p.h. and fleet acceleration with low petrol consumption. Full-width seats allow six people to travel in comfort

A memoried name in motoring history—the Austin Seven—in 1953 styling and with full four-seat, four-door coachwork. Enviable fuel consumption of 50 m.p.g. is claimed

Photos by
MICHAEL WILLIAMS

LEGACY for Lovers

by

JACQUES GILLIES

Illustrations by DOWSETT

IN other days Gabriel Blunt would have been a buccaneer. He had trekked across Africa, sailed a 20-ft. boat singlehanded from New Zealand to the Fiji Islands, been in four different South American gaols and escaped, and ridden a horse in the Grand National for a bet. Then, when he was twenty-eight, his rich Uncle Rufus died.

Gabriel Blunt heard the news lying in the silver sand of the *Côte d'Azure*. It was characteristic of him that he had only 300 francs in his pocket and that he was also the guest of the Countess Pontpierre. Charm, he often said, was nicer than money and it lasted longer. He walked up from the beach, a tall, bronzed figure in his white trunks. In his hand fluttered the cable the manservant had brought him. The house-party were spread out on the steps of the villa sipping out of glasses misty with ice. It was nearly dinner-time.

"I have to go," said Gabriel Blunt, waving the cable. And he walked out of their lives as suddenly as he had appeared. It was also characteristic of him that he had to borrow the fare from his hostess and that he had no baggage of any kind.

Twenty-four hours later he was in a stuffy office in Lincoln's Inn Fields with old Merridew.

Old Merridew was saying: "Well, there it is, Gabriel. You have a first-class building concern with offices in Jermyn Street, a flat round the corner in St. James's and 200 acres in Kent with a period house, a nice change after a hard week at the office."

"Sell it," said Gabriel Blunt.

"The farm? It's good land, you know——"

"Not the farm," said Gabriel, "the building business."

"But——"

(*Continued on page 76*)

Gabriel Blunt's charm was wasted on the girl who insisted she was "just Baxter"

"We 'll say a week's notice, then," she said quietly. "Good-bye"

The beamed and half-panelled dining-room, **left**, is carpeted in dark Tudor-red which gives a glowing colour background to the lustrous surfaces of a Sheraton table, pagoda-back Chippendale chairs and an eighteenth-century bookcase

Once a VILLAGE

Outside the house the contemporary touch of the swimming-pool falls easily into its setting of mellowed brick, lattice and timber, which in turn merge with the surrounding framework of garden, green lawns and fields

Chintz patterns, diamond-paned windows and rafters continue the cottage theme in the bedrooms. This one, **left above**, has twin beds on either side of the chimney-breast, the padded head-boards built into the recesses

The spacious entrance-hall, **left**, with the glow of light from candle sconces throwing warm reflections on the surface of the oak panelling. The Windsor chair and table are, appropriately, the former inhabitants of an old inn

INN

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY Wayside House, home of Richard Todd, who has just finished work on the new film "Rob Roy," was once a Buckinghamshire inn, but additions through the years have transformed it into the delightful house of today

In the drawing-room (two aspects are shown in the pictures above) walls of delicate duck-egg blue find a brilliant harmony in curtains of clear yellow bouquet-patterned chintz and chair covers of the same tone. Contemporary pictures by D'Oyly Johns flank the extended fireplace of warm brick

Deighton Wilkes

. . . the glamour of the hothouse plant and the hardihood of the garden flower

CARNATION

– flower of castle and cottage

by W. E. Shewell-Cooper

THERE is a lovely old castle at Falaise in Normandy where, it is said, William the Conqueror's father, looking down from the ramparts, discovered a beautiful girl combing her hair in the courtyard of a cottage below. It was as a result of the love affair which followed that William I, our first Norman king, was born. I tell this story because it was on the walls of that castle that the ancestors of our modern carnation grew.

According to legend the original *Dianthus Caryophyllus* wandered through Europe until it reached the Falaise castle, where it was admired and encouraged. Through the conquering Normans, the plant eventually reached Great Britain, but we hear little about it in history until the reign of Edward III, when it appears again as a very popular flower and much grown by the wealthier folk. It became more and more popular until by the sixteenth century it was widely grown, along with a yellow type which seems to have been produced at about that time. The story goes that the yellow flowered kinds came from Poland.

Many of the carnations one sees in the shops today are grown under glass, and for this reason amateurs tend to think of it as exclusively a hot-house plant. There are, in fact, three types at least which can give the greatest of pleasure to the unskilled gardener. I refer to the Chabauds, the border carnations and the true "cottage" types. The Chabauds are annuals and have to be raised from seed every year, but the others are perennials and when they are propagated the work is done by layering.

To get early flowering Chabauds in this country, it is advisable to sow the seed late in January or early in February in the John Innes Seed Compost in a greenhouse with a temperature of about 55 deg. F. The seed is pressed into the soil gently with a little pressure and then a little more of the compost is sifted over the top, just to cover the seeds and no more. After this the box is given a light watering and is stood on the staging of the greenhouse. In about a month the seedlings should be ready to prick out into other boxes. This time the compost should be the J. I. Potting No. 1, which can be made up or bought for the purpose.

* * *

Transplant the seedlings so that the bases of the leaves are resting on the soil, and so that the baby roots go down full length. Make each one firm. After the transplanting keep the boxes on the staging of the greenhouse at a temperature of 50 deg. F. and a fortnight or so later gradually harden the plants off by putting them out in the frames. Early in April in the south, and late in the month in the north, the young carnation plants should be taken out of their boxes with a fair ball of soil to their roots and planted where they are to flower. The plants should grow without any support at all and should flower from the beginning of July until the first batch of serious frosts.

These carnation seedlings are very hardy and can be planted in the open ground far sooner than asters or stocks—that's their great advantage. More harm is done to them by too frequent waterings than by dryness. They are not fussy plants.

I can recommend the following varieties: *Nero*, a royal purple; *La France*, a pale pink; *Marie Chabaud*, a sulphur yellow; *Enticelant*, a blood red; and *Légion d'Honneur*, a geranium red. There is a particular strain of the Giant Chabauds called *Fleur de Camélia* because the flowers strongly resemble those of the true camellia.

Those who prefer to grow border carnations will be glad to know that they are not exacting as to soil, though on the whole they probably prefer those of the lighter types because they get the free (*Continued on page* 60)

Most of us associate the carnation with hot-houses and boutonnières, but, in fact, it is a hardy outdoor plant as well, and can be grown without special skill in the borders of any average garden

He couldn't have known he was destined to meet her again — nor foresee the consequences

"You've always wanted this, haven't you?" she said. "What's Johnny worth?"

The BARGAIN

by

NIGEL SLIGH

IT was early, only a few minutes after seven, when Major Mayhew came out of the brick buildings of the Colar Luana Police Barracks into the sullen Malayan humidity, but already he felt that he had lived a long, exhausting day. He was also deeply dreading a further duty that now lay before him.

Last evening, at about ten o'clock, while playing bridge, there had been the sudden roar of a truck accelerating in the street outside and the crash of shattered glass as a belt of machine-gun bullets spattered the bungalow, and all Mayhew found time to do was to hurl his hostess to the floor and attempt to do the same to his partner before the immediate danger was over.

He remembered the startled, frightened faces of the women, skirts above their knees, a card table on their legs, as he ran on to the front verandah. From a distance he could hear further bursts of gunfire and the harsh crackle of bursting grenades, and then the sky lighted as a house caught fire.

The raid by Chinese guerrillas was over in a few minutes and long before Mayhew could make his way to the barracks, two police armoured cars were giving chase. The sergeant on duty told Mayhew that Captain Little, duty officer of the night, was in the leading vehicle.

Seven miles outside Colar Luana, Little's car had been close enough on the tail of the captured Army trucks for him to have no fear of an ambush when a trip-wire, dropped with amazing skill, caught the plated radiator of his vehicle. Wrapped inextricably in this obstacle, bouncing off the rough track on one side, then slithering upside down, tearing through the undergrowth, the car crashed headlong into a forest tree, bursting into flames.

The second vehicle swerved, lurching to a halt. The blazing car, wheels still spinning, illuminated an area of a hundred yards or more and the police car fired around this arc. Bullets pelted against its armour. It was impossible for the vehicle to penetrate more than a few yards from the track for, stretching in every direction, were giant creepers, thicker than ropes, matting and choking the luxuriant growth. The car moved cautiously, probing at the edges of the track like some vast, clumsy shark nosing against shoals of sea-weed.

Suddenly the guerrilla fire stopped and the jungle became quiet except for the crackle of burning metal and wood. The silence was more ominous than the sounds of battle.

Slowly the funeral pyre died until it was little more than a red hot glow. When it was possible to approach the upturned car, an officer cautiously opened the turret of his vehicle and clambered into the undergrowth. Head-lights were focused and the wrecked car, the area of blackened and burnt bush and the scorched trunk of the tree against which the car was impaled, were gross eye-sores in the midst of so much that was verdant yet menacing.

A constable lay beneath the wreckage, charred like a burnt log. Dragging open the still hot door of the car, the officer saw the remains of the sergeant shrivelled against the plating. But search as he would, of Little there was no trace.

Conveying the gruesome remains, the crew returned to Colar Luana to await daylight. At first light a convoy, under the command of Major Mayhew, drove to the scene of the ambush.

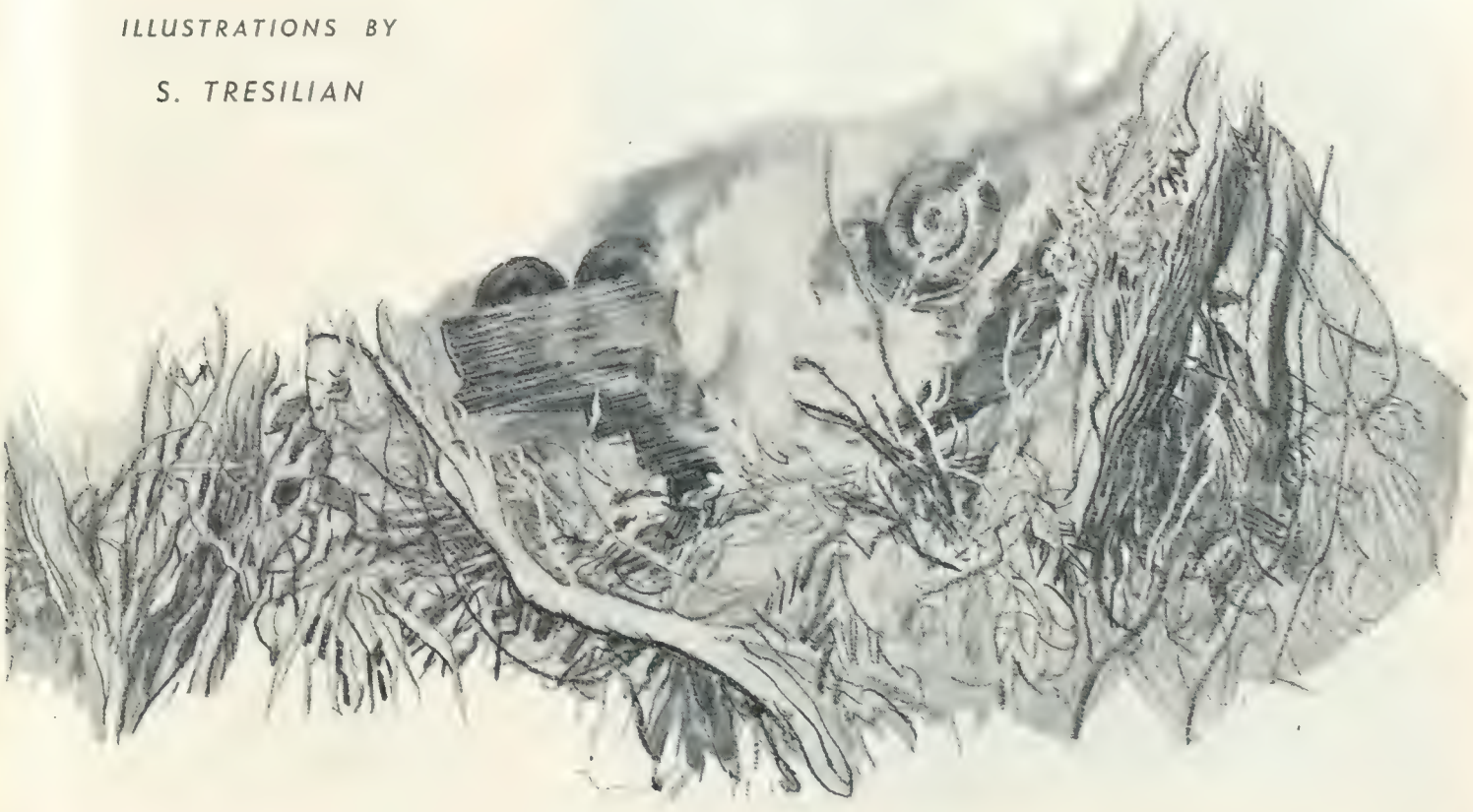
Now, having returned only to change and make a report. Mayhew decided after much heart burning, that he could send nobody but himself to the Littles' bungalow to break the news.

The scenes and incidents of the past night were clearer to him than what was now before his eyes: a Malay sweeper brushing fallen leaves; a Chinese pedalling slowly to work on a bicycle; a dog sniffing in a gutter.

He stopped the jeep outside a bungalow. The path to the house had been swept, the jalousies were raised and he saw a house-boy, in white shorts and tunic, swabbing the verandah. It struck Mayhew as incredibly doleful that the petty machinery of a household continued, ignorant of tragedy.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

S. TRESILIAN



He went up the steps to the verandah as slowly as he could, rehearsing the words he must force himself to utter.

The dining-room opened directly on to the verandah and the french windows stood open so that as soon as Mayhew had climbed the steps he saw Joanna Little sitting at a table, in a house-coat of peacock blue. There was enough poetry in Mayhew, despite his unhappiness, for him to be immediately conscious of the colour of her eyes, darkened and enlarged by the coat's glory.

Joanna, sitting only a few feet from him, drove the carefully planned phrases from his mind and it was she who spoke first:

"Oh? where's Johnny?"

The look on Mayhew's face surprised her. Mayhew saw her large, well-shaped hands grasp the edge of the table, the varnish of the nails dark against the white cloth. She said nothing further but her eyes were accusing.

"There's been . . ." he said.

"It's Johnny?"

Mayhew nodded and gazed at a pawpaw lying like an inflated orange fish on a dish in the centre of the table. His hands hung dejectedly by his khaki shorts.

"We've found the car," he said. "Upside down, burnt out." A blunt, brutal description was his only ally. "The sergeant and constable with him were near it. Both dead."

Mayhew watched the remains of the eggs and bacon on Joanna's plate grow grey and congeal and he felt slightly sick. Joanna had picked up a knife and fork since he came into the room and these she still held absurdly in the air.

"We haven't found him . . . yet."

He wished, despairingly, that she would speak. He went on: "We've got out about practically everything that we and the police can get together. We're making a wide sweep twenty miles deep ahead of the spot we found the car. They're flying recces over the jungle and we've put out that if they've got him and are prepared to hand him over no questions will be asked and there'll be a big cash payment."

Joanna stared up at Mayhew then and she made two remarks that staggered him.

"You've always wanted this, haven't you?" And before he could answer, added: "What's Johnny worth?"

Then she buried her head in her arms and burst into tears.

Mayhew took an uncertain step towards the table, staring down at her dark head. Her shoulders, broad under the blue coat, shook and trembled. He laid a hand gently on them and felt her shudder. It must be twelve years at least, he thought wildly, since he had touched her except for a formal hand-shake.

The blue coat, the dark head, swam under his gaze and instead were a dozen different pictures of her. He saw Joanna mounted, side-saddle, on a big horse at a meet of foxhounds on the lawn of her father's house. She wore a veil, a bunch of Parma violets in her buttonhole. He had walked across and put a hand on the skirt of her habit and remarked: "You're looking very beautiful, my dear."

"Am I?" But her smile added warmth to the words and reminded him that the night before, at a dance, she had promised to marry him. . . .

"I'LL let you know the moment we have any news."

She did not raise her head, did not say anything but her tears seemed to have lessened. Mayhew raised one hand again, as though its touch might comfort her, reflected, and let it fall to his side before walking stiffly from the room.

As he turned in at the gate of the barracks, a Union Jack hung damply in the hot, humid air. To Mayhew, it expressed his own state of mind.

Reports were received during the day but none were encouraging. At eight o'clock that evening Mayhew handed over to another officer and drove to his bungalow.

He stood under a shower and let the tepid water wash some of the exhaustion and misery from his body. Then he opened a desk drawer and took from it three photographs. They were framed in silver and he was distressed to note how tarnished and dusty they were, mute evidence to the time since they had stood in the open. He felt ashamed, staring down at Joanna's likenesses, as though he had allowed a grave, for which he was responsible, to grow untidy.

He stood looking at the photographs for some minutes, then helped himself to a drink and sat down. He was tired, he had been on his feet for the last thirty-six hours and the photographs swam under his gaze. It was as though the intervening years faded. The government bungalow, with its official furniture, dissolved and he forgot the loneliness of continued bachelorhood. . . .

Before the war, as now, he had been a regular Army (*Continued on page 56*)

The Count's armed watchmen, out to kill Nicolette, passed without seeing her as she crouched in the shadow

HISTORICAL ROMANCES

NICOLETTE — *the Saracen Captive*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY *R. HODGSON*

STORY BY *JOHN HERBERT*

SWEETEST and most steadfast of fiction's romantic heroines is Nicolette, the captive Saracen girl who loved and was loved by the young Provençal noble, Aucassin. Immortalized in that anonymous thirteenth-century tale, *Aucassin And Nicolette*, she typifies the fair maidens of the age of chivalry who inspired their knightly swains to deeds of daring and devotion.

Nicolette, pretty as a picture, might have graced a medieval tapestry. "Her hair was golden, all in curls, and her eyes were blue and laughing. Her face was oval and her nose high and well set. And her lips were red, redder than cherries in the summer-time. And so frail was she at the waist that you could have taken her in your two hands."

Aucassin could count himself lucky to gain the affections of this blonde and slender beauty and—after a troubled period in which the course of their true love ran far from smooth and it seemed that ill-fortune had parted them for ever—finally win her for his wife.

Indeed, it was really Nicolette who did the winning; for the young lovers would never have come together to live happily ever after had not she, combining resourcefulness with loveliness, gone out to seek the lost Aucassin in the guise of a wandering minstrel. The odd thing about *Aucassin And Nicolette* is that for nearly five centuries it was neglected and forgotten, its single surviving manuscript being unearthed

Nicolette, disguised as a troubadour, sings to her lover

in the National Library in Paris only in 1752. Since then this "little Flower of Romance" has taken its rightful place as a literary masterpiece.

Its unknown author, a man versed, it seems, in war, may have been a soldier returned from the Crusades and was very probably a practised troubadour; but whatever he was his portrayal of Nicolette and Aucassin and the vein of poetry running through his simple tale proclaim him to be no mean story-teller.

The romance opens with Aucassin, normally a bold and skilful warrior, so love-sick for the beautiful Nicolette that he would not take up arms for his father, the aged Count Garins of Beaucaire, against Count Bougars of Valence, unless he was allowed to marry her.

To Aucassin's grief Nicolette—a captive Saracen girl bought by the Viscount of Beaucaire and destined as the wife of a humble breadwinner—was confined beyond his reach in the Viscount's palace. And so inconsolable was the young knight that when Count Bougars renewed his attack on the castle of Beaucaire he consented to do battle against him only if he was permitted to speak to the maiden afterwards and exchange a kiss with her.

His condition granted, Aucassin rode among the enemy dealing fearful slaughter and brought back as prisoner Count Bougars himself. But his father, the battle won, broke his pledge, and the unhappy Aucassin found himself in prison instead of in tender *tête a tête* with Nicolette.

And so it seemed that, with both young lovers shut away from each other, all chance of romance between them was at an end.

But Nicolette, whose love for Aucassin was as strong as his for her, had other ideas. At dead of night she climbed down on knotted sheets from her chamber and stole through the moonlit streets of Beaucaire to the tower that housed Aucassin. Through a hole in the ancient wall she heard him grieving for her. She sang to him and they talked a little, until suddenly they were interrupted by Count Garins's armed watchmen, out to kill her.

WARNED by a kindly look-out on the tower, Nicolette crouched in the shadow of a pillar and her pursuers passed by without seeing her.

In the nearby forest to which she fled she met a band of shepherd lads, whom she asked to give Aucassin a message. "Tell him," she said, "that there is a beast in this forest and that he come chase it. And that if he should take it, he would not give one of its limbs for one hundred marks of gold, nor for five hundred, nor for any wealth at all."

Taking her proffered gift of money—her last few sous—the shepherds agreed to pass Aucassin the message. And sure enough, when some days later Aucassin, released now from prison and wandering sorrowfully in the forest, came upon them he got their tidings of Nicolette.

Much heartened, he rode on and came one night to a flower-strewn bower. He knew at once that it was Nicolette's. "By God," he says, "now I know that it was Nicolette made this with her own white hands. For the fairness of it, and for love of her, will I get down and stay here all this night."

Lying in the bower and looking out at the bright stars, Aucassin sang:

"Little star I thee behold
That the moon draws to her fold.
Nicolette is with thee there,
Little friend with golden hair.
I ween God would have her live
In heaven with Him to light the eve,
And make night more fair."

Nicolette heard him and entered the bower; and the lovers' joy at their reunion was unbounded. But they could not stay there while Nicolette was still hunted by Count Garins; and they rode off on Aucassin's horse to the coast and there took ship to the distant land of Torelore.

At Torelore, living in the king's palace, it seemed that they had found happiness at last. But more troubles awaited them. A squadron of marauding Saracens sailed into the port and attacked and captured the castle, taking many prisoners—and among them Aucassin and Nicolette.

Bound hand and foot they were thrust, to their grief, in (*Continued on page* 80)

Escaping from Count Garins's armed men, Nicolette fled to the forest where she met a band of shepherd lads. Taking her proffered gift of money—her last few sous—the shepherds agreed to give Aucassin a cryptic message

Knit Two

Pink Beaded Model

A NOTE must be taken of the special method of procedure for this bead pattern before the work is begun. Care must be taken when working the bead pattern that the beads are actually on the p. sts. and do not lie between the k. and the p. sts. Insert the needle into the loop, bring 2 beads to the place where the needles cross, and then pass them through the loop with the thumb simultaneously with the making of the st., so that one bead hangs in front and one at the back of the needle. On the right side of the work, the st. containing the beads must always be knitted through the back, inserting the needle into the top of the loop between the two beads.

The beads should be threaded on to a separate ball of yarn, which should be used when working pattern rows 15 and 16, 31 and 32 and so on. This yarn should be broken after each of these two rows is completed, the existing yarn being carried up the side of the work.

Throughout the pattern the following abbreviations are used: p. 2 b. = purl a st. passing 2 beads to the front of work (see foregoing instructions for procedure); k. = knit; rep. = repeat; t.b.l. = through back of loop; inc. = increase; st(s.) = stitch, stitches; d.c. = double crochet.

Commence at lower back, ** with No. 11 needles cast on 77 (83, 89, 95) sts. Work in bead pattern as follows:

Rows 1 to 14 inclusive.—K.

15th row (wrong side).—K. 2 (5, 8, 11), * p. 2 b., k. 11; rep. from * to the last 3 (6, 9, 12) sts., p. 2 b., k. 2 (5, 8, 11).

16th row.—K. 2 (5, 8, 11), k. 1 t.b.l., k. 11; rep. from * to the last 3 (6, 9, 12) sts., k. 1 t.b.l., k. 2 (5, 8, 11).

Rows 17 to 30 inclusive.—K.

31st row.—K. 8 (11, 2, 5), * p. 2 b., k. 11; rep. from * to the last 9 (12, 3, 6) sts., p. 2 b., k. 8 (11, 2, 5).

32nd row.—K. 8 (11, 2, 5), * k. 1 t.b.l., k. 11; rep. from * to the last 9 (12, 3, 6) sts., k. 1 t.b.l., k. 8 (11, 2, 5).

These 32 rows form the pattern.

Now, keeping patt. correct, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next and then every following 10th row until there are 99 (107, 113, 119) sts.

Work until back measures 9 (9½, 9½, 9½) ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a row on the right side of work.

Now inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 111 (119, 125, 131) sts.

Work 3 rows, ending with a row on the right side of work.

Commence Sleeves—Cast on 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Work 10 (10, 14, 14) rows.

(*Continued on page* 58)

The instructions for this Erika Harrison model are given for size 32-in. bust, larger sizes in brackets thus: 32 (34, 36, 38). The jumper requires 6 (6, 6, 7) balls of Wakefield Greenwood's Trianon Mohair, 1 pair of No. 11 knitting needles, 1 fine crochet hook, 4 small buttons for the neck opening and approximately ¼ oz. of bugle beads. The tension is 6 sts. and 16 rows to 1 in.

Grey with Velvet Trimming

THE abbreviations used through this pattern are: k. = knit; p. = purl; rep. = repeat; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; st(s.) = stitch, stitches; inc. 1 = increase 1 by knitting twice into the next st.; c. 2 sts. = cross 2 sts. by missing 1 st., k. the next, k. the missed st. and slip both off together.

Start at the lower back by casting on 160 sts.

Work 12 rows garter st. (i.e. all plain).

13th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 56, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 56, k. 2 tog. K. 7 rows.

21st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 54, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 54, k. 2 tog. K. 7 rows.

29th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 52, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 52, k. 2 tog. K. 7 rows.

37th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 50, k. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., k. 50, k. 2 tog. K. 7 rows.

Continue thus, dec. 4 sts. in every 8th row and keeping centre panel the same width throughout until sts. are reduced to 124.

Work 29 rows garter st. on these.

107th row.—Inc. 1, k. 40, inc. 1, k. 40, inc. 1, k. 40, inc. 1; 5 rows garter st.

113th row.—Inc. 1, k. 42, inc. 1, k. 40, inc. 1, k. 42, inc. 1; 5 rows garter st.

119th row.—Inc. 1, k. 44, inc. 1, k. 40, inc. 1, k. 44, inc. 1; 5 rows garter st.

Continue thus, inc. 4 sts. in every 6th row, and adding the 2 extra sts. to each side panel, until sts. number 160.

Then inc. at each end only of every 6th row until sts. number 166.

K. 35 rows on these.

Shape Sleeves.—K. twice into first and last sts. of next and every 6th row until there are 190 sts.

Work 35 rows garter st. on these.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and every row until 94 sts. remain.

Next row.—Cast off 4, k. 24 (25 sts. now on right-hand needle), cast off 36, k. 29, turn.

Finish each shoulder separately.

Next row.—Cast off 4, k. to end.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice, cast off.

Rejoin wool at neck end of remaining 29 sts.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

2nd row.—Cast off 4, k. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows once.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 58)

The grey jumper takes 5 oz. of Lister's Lavender 2-ply wool, 1 pair No. 13 needles, and 3 yds. ribbon velvet for trimming. The original was worked in lavender grey, shade No. 15639, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Working at a tension of 8 sts. and 15 rows to 1 in., the jumper measures 37 ins. underarm, and 23 ins. from shoulder to hem.

Both these woollies are in garter stitch. The grey, with its velvet binding, has front panels in a miniature cable. In mohair, of which the pink garment is made, garter stitch makes a fine lacey effect. The beads are interwoven. Maxwell Original Skirts

Mere Mousers?

by

FRANCIS BUTTERFIELD

THERE are 6,000,000 cats in these islands, and it would be pleasant to think there was about that same staggering number of aileurophiles, but not all people who live with a cat are cat-lovers.

It is to be regretted that so many of these astonishing creatures are treated *as toys or mere mousers*. Of these two sins of commission, keeping a cat for its usefulness only is by far the least: a commercial bargain which leads to respect on both sides can never be wholly reprehensible. But to use a cat as a sort of animated teddy-bear is to miss nine-tenths of its charm.

Even where no real affection exists, and putting the relationship on its lowest common terms—a *quid pro quo* basis—a proper consideration of a cat's needs (which are few) and personal idiosyncrasies will find its reward in a constant source of amusement and admiration. There are as many kinds of cats as there are people: there is the ponderous Aldermanic type, and at the other extreme the frisky fishwife type—to say nothing of the downright Artful Dodger, nor of those females—well, let us go on saying nothing.

The earliest written reference to cats in Britain was about A.D. 936 and was made by one Hywel Dda, a Welsh prince who ordered their protection—a piece of legislation that doesn't seem to have survived in our present legal code.

They were probably introduced by the Romans, but they have a long, long history before the Roman Empire was itself assisted in its foundation by the cats' arch-enemy—the dog.

In ancient Egypt, at least 5,000 years ago, cats were used for hunting birds as well as being deified. The sacred beasts of the Egyptians included besides cats, scorpions and beetles, so that it comes as not quite so great a shock to find that the present official and legal status of the cat is the same as that of weasels, stoats, rats, mice and, for aught I know, cockroaches. This interesting grouping, apart from deification, shows some consistency of opinion: cats are still, it seems, enjoying the same standing as scarabs.

They are, our cats, in the eyes of the law, vermin.

The proud hunting beast of the superb physique, the lazy, soft-looking bundle of fur that (*Continued on page 74*)

Cats have an unassailable place in many hearts

but in the eyes of the law they have none at all

Colour photo by DEIGHTON WILKES

Illustrations by RALPH THOMPSON

Nicholas Monsarrat (*top*) tells of a cruel racket—Anthony Armstrong chronicles more about Margaret Cottage

October Reading

TREVOR ALLEN discusses the latest books—fiction, adventure and biography

I'VE been impressed by my friends' intense interest in elephants after reading J. H. Williams's *Elephant Bill*, though not surprised that the big tusker Bandoola should have so many devotees. He and his rider Po Toke, who was in at his birth and trained him, are the stars of a sequel, **"Bandoola"** (Hart-Davis, 15s.), which presents their joint lives in absorbing detail, with much else about Burmese native and animal life. One high spot is an exploration of the Nats' shrine in the wild Wabobin Gorge, another the devotion of two Shan sisters to a British timber-overseer and ex-Naval officer who passionately loved them. Ma Kin, we learn, wanted her sister to share him because of the Shan belief that if sisters were shared there would be no children, whereas if she were sole mistress there would be, and that would mean separation and perhaps loss of his love! The book is packed with unfamiliar lore. Drawings by Henry C. Pitz enhance its appeal.

ANOTHER book with the lure of the unfamiliar is Thomas Weir's **"Camps And Climbs In Arctic Norway"** (Cassell, 15s.), a record of peak-clawing, mostly in the Lofoten Islands. Leaping from pinnacle to pinnacle of the Svolvaer "Goat" twin peak while a brass band in the village below plays the Dead March may not be your idea of a pleasant outing, but after the Central Himalayas you evidently take such things in your stride. Mr. Weir illustrates his climbing thrills and cameos of Norwegian life with fifty-eight of his own rare and impressive photographs.

ANY mountaineering urge Anthony Armstrong may have is presumably satisfied by the West Sussex Downs, below which nestles his Margaret Cottage of earlier books, begun for his three small children. **"The Year At Margarets"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) is a month-by-month story of garden flowers, birds, pigs, villagers, jumble sales and everything else in the life bucolic. Women's Institutes will con this book most knowingly; the rest of us, lured down the garden path, can enjoy the A.A. spurts of humour.

Illustration from *Bandoola*, sequel to J. H. Williams's earlier book *Elephant Bill*

I'VE never visited our tropical islands of flowers, where bananas and palms flourish, though by the time this appears I shall at least have been as near as Penzance. Lady Vyvyan's **"The Scilly Isles"** (Hale, 18s.) persuades me that a friend wasn't exaggerating when she described Tresco as a paradise. This Regional Book is an admirable guide to the whole group, from St. Mary's to the uninhabited, with much about history, legend, folklore, smuggling, wrecking, industries, people, and some fine photographs.

TWO young people, Michael and Jane, ask questions all the way through Mary Dunn's **"We Go To Denmark"** (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) and learn all there is to know about Hans Andersen's delectable country. A most friendly way of doing a travel book—and not only for juniors.

(*Continued on page* 60)

QUESTS ANIMAL . . .

FEW readers, presumably, have ever heard of the Angwantibo or Potomagale, though they may be familiar with the Jabberwocky. These were among the creatures Gerald M. Durrell hoped to bring back alive-o for zoos from a six months' quest in the British Cameroons which he records vividly in **"The Overloaded Ark"** (Faber, 15s.). He deprecates the exaggerated risks and dangers, but they are there; also the flaming beauties, annoyances and pests of the West African jungle, the skills and humorous pidgin talk of the natives, the irrepressible thrill of adventure, to say nothing of a chimp which smokes, gets tiddley and wants to share its food. A book to ensnare animal-lovers, with Sabine Baur's delicate drawings.

Gerald Durrell

. . . AND HUMAN

His brother, Lawrence Durrell, is interested in fauna, too—the two-legged sort on the island of Rhodes where, for two years, he was Foreign Service Press Officer, and "the days drop as softly as fruit from trees. Some belong to the dazzling ages of Cleobolus and the tyrants, some to the gloomy Tiberius, some to the Crusaders." Knights, saints, not so saintly colleagues—Mr. Durrell steeps himself in history, culture, the contemporary scene and writes of them with charm and erudition in **"Reflections On A Marine Venus"** (Faber, 25s.).

A dual demonstration of the enviable art of Durrelling, here and there.

Long evenings lie ahead—why not make them profitable?—asks LAUREL PASCAL

Siege of Winter

TELEVISION and radio play their part in fortifying us against the siege of winter, but not all of us are satisfied to sit, look and listen the long evenings away.

So, besides lagging the pipes and coddling the hot-water tank against the onslaught of cold nights to come, why not plan a personal production campaign for keeping busy as well as warm in the cosy fortress of the home. Instead of passing the time, resolve to use it for profit, or pleasure—or both.

Learning a new craft, or brushing up an old one, would be one good way of employing winter leisure, in which case you could start with nothing more complicated than needle and thread, knitting-needles or crochet hook. But with the ancient arts, as all others, there is a wide but negotiable gap between expert and amateur.

Of knitting in particular, too many of us are apt to say of our unworthy efforts: "I can't really knit for toffee!" and go on all our lives producing lamentable evidence of our own laziness and lack of *panache*.

The cure for this attitude is to look, concealing your envy, at the work of a first-class knitter—and then master the few simple rules of tension and stitch that make all the difference between sloppy home-knits and the exquisite *haute couture* creations achieved by the Women's Home Industries. (These garments, incidentally, are snapped up with screams of delight by fashion buyers for Paris and New York.)

The same principle goes for dressmaking, but given the flair there is nothing between the tribute: "How clever of you to make your own clothes!" and: "Where did you get that heavenly suit?" except a knowledge of how to cut your own patterns and turn original ideas into exclusive models.

For the adornment of the home, and the possible creation of a family heirloom, the making of a patchwork quilt would give pleasure now, warmth later. All you need for this traditional art is a colourful rag-bag (your friends will help) and a template from which to cut your paper patterns.

Rug making is another rewarding task for the house-proud man or woman and here again the rag-bag can provide the raw material for pegged, braided or crocheted rugs that are handsome as well as warm.

Dried rushes and raffia make fascinating materials to work with, and once you've learnt the knack, log and shopping baskets, table mats, floor mats and a hundred other useful things can be made at very little cost.

Lampshades play a decorative as well as functional rôle in the home, and the skill, quickly acquired, of making your own, or re-covering old frames, gives plenty of scope for original ideas.

With Christmas just round the corner, fireside crafts can help to solve the perennial problem of what to give. Most of us have children heading our lists, and it is nice to know that, with the help of a couple of small books on soft toys and doll-making, we can produce a rich haul of professional-looking presents for junior Christmas stockings.

And while we are on the subject—why not save money and have fun by making your own Christmas cards this year? Lino-cutting is the answer, and you don't have to be a brilliant artist to produce a greetings card that will please your family and friends.

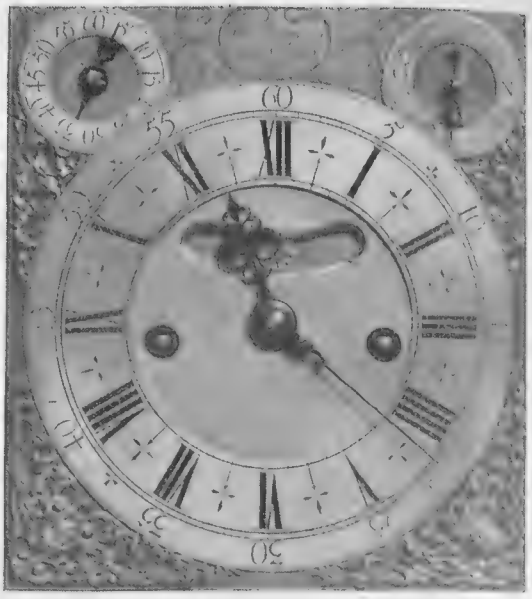
If all these activities are too much for you after the long day's work—consider the more passive appeal of fireside gardening with the year's best books. Such restful labours could result in a feast of colour next summer—or a feast for the table if your tastes run to the practical. Still another gentle exercise for green fingers would be the planning and furnishing of a miniature garden, or the acquisition of small, weird and wonderful members of the cacti family.

Some people find exercising their minds the best form of indoor activity. If this is your chosen way of combating winter *ennui* why not learn a language with the aid of a gramophone and prepare to surprise your family and yourself when next you holiday abroad? Or, if musically inclined, take up a musical instrument—violin, flute or tuneful recorder.

Should your tastes run to scissors (*Continued on page* 62)

Clockwise

The right time is a matter of right treatment for your clocks and watches, says HUMPHREY KNIGHT



THE mechanism of a watch is delicate, complex and wonderful. Most of us take that for granted, and then when it stops take it to a repairer indignantly complaining that it has "gone wrong" and won't "keep time."

Watches and clocks are, perhaps as a result of the traditional skill of good watchmakers, *expected* to run for ever. They are *expected* to work efficiently without being given so much as a second's thought for their needs, which is scarcely fair on the watch.

There really ought to be a Horological Court presided over by a Judge Jeffries to deal summarily with the owners of all the unfortunate watches that are found by the watch repairer to be in need of care and protection.

Once, in an affluent time, I owned a car. I lavished much care on the engine, saw to it that the oil was changed at regular intervals, and listened to the running talk of the engine, with a concentration I denied my wife when she ran on at the breakfast table.

In the Horological Court not even Sir Hartley Shawcross would have been able to prove me innocent of gross negligence in the care of my watch, yet I know now that my watch works just as hard as the car I once owned and that its mechanism is a hundred times more delicate.

A watch, unlike a car, never rests. The balance wheel of the average pocket watch today vibrates 18,000 times an hour. If you imagine that balance wheel with a rolling action like the wheel of a car, then in one year it would travel some eight thousand miles in keeping time. A watch works as hard as a car, for the average motorist in Britain travels from six to ten thousand miles a year.

The lifetime of a good watch can be considerably shortened by neglect, but taking care of it is a simple matter. Here is the advice of Mr. Brechin, chief examiner of the repair shop of J. W. Benson, Ltd., who has been repairing them for forty years and has lost count of the millions of watches and clocks that have arrived on his bench—some speechless, others with broken hearts. . . .

"A watch should be cleaned every three years," he says, "and the smaller the watch the more often it needs looking at because a small watch only holds a little oil. You cannot expect a watch to run without lubrication. If you allow it to run dry for even three months—well, you'll take ten years off its working life."

If you let it run without oil for any longer time you will ruin it—your watch will die of thirst. Watches should never be dropped into handbags. Face powder will get into the works and clog them; and the spirit from your scent will cause the oil to evaporate quickly.

Never tinker with your watch. It's not uncommon for people to open up a watch and mistake the spring of the balance wheel for a human hair. They try to pull it out—and then, of course, the watch is broken. Repairing it is a lengthy business.

Into the new repair shop at Bond Street come thousands of watches, not only from all over Britain, but from the four corners of the world.

The cleaning of a watch is not always necessary because it is dirty, but because the oil has become dry and to put a watch into good running order, congealed oil must be removed, the movements cleaned and fresh oil applied. This costs from thirty shillings to two pounds—not expensive when you reckon that it works out at less than one penny per day if the cleaning is done annually.

To help keep your watch accurate regular winding is important. Winding at night is not recommended, simply because bedtimes vary. So wind your watch in the morning when you get up—for then the mainspring will exert its greatest force during the day when you most need it. Night workers wind watches at night, of course.

A good watch deserves a good repairer; it is the product of skilled craftsmanship and as much love as labour will have gone into its creation. It is poor economy to have it repaired cheaply. Apart from treating it well, and seeing that it is cleaned regularly, it really is unfair on a wrist watch to wear it when playing golf, tennis or hacking down trees in the garden.

There is no present like the time—and a charmingly designed wrist watch gives added attraction to a pretty wrist and a slim hand. But you, perhaps, can't wear a wrist watch? The electricity in your body "does things" to it, or so you suppose. . . .

This is a fallacy. Anyone can wear a wrist watch—no matter how "electrical" they are. The human body cannot even generate enough juice to light a torch bulb, yet you can run five volts through a watch without disturbing the timing or the mechanism in the slightest degree.

The clocks you keep on the mantelpiece deserve the same care as small watches. Clocks, ideally, should be set up by an expert so that the level of the pendulum is correct. You cannot effectively correct it yourself by pushing a bus ticket one side of the clock—that is not even a hit or miss method—it is entirely *miss*.

Finally, if you take care of your clocks and watches, they *will* strike, they *won't* go slow and when you look to see what time it is you will be able to believe your eyes. Always assuming, of course, that it is a good watch to start with. Don't make a liar out of your clock by neglecting it.

Better Be Hungry Than Cold

What are the best and cheapest ways of heating a small house? The writer tells of her own experiments and ideas

"AH, better be hungry than cold," said Mr. X profoundly, and for the first time I regarded him as an ally.

Haven't you noticed that builders, an exclusively masculine race, have an irritating habit of regarding women customers as frivolous creatures to be humoured when it can't be avoided, but otherwise to be pleasantly but firmly overborne?

Going round our cottage home-to-be with Mr. X, who had come to estimate for alterations and decorations, I had feared the worst when my brief outline of what we wanted done was greeted with: "It's nice to find one of the ladies that knows her own mind," and a conspiratorial, man-to-man glance in the direction of the senior partner.

I knew that gambit. He was playing for safety until he was sure of support, and then the campaign of doubts and counter-suggestions would be opened. Well, we'd see. After almost convincing the senior partner that my ideas weren't just foolish extravagances, I wasn't going to surrender without a fight. Without giving the two men time to get together to put up a united front, I waved us all on, away from the controversial kitchen ("a cupboard up to the *ceiling*? If that's what you want we can *try* to get a licence for the timber") into the sitting-room.

"You see, we must do something about this fireplace," I said briskly, indicating the gash in the wall with the brown-painted overmantel skied way up above it, "so while you're about it, we thought that a continuous-burning open fire with a back boiler to service a couple of radiators would be sensible." I waited for the doubting expression to appear on Mr. X's face. Instead, he delivered himself of the dictum on the desirability of warmth and I could have hugged him!

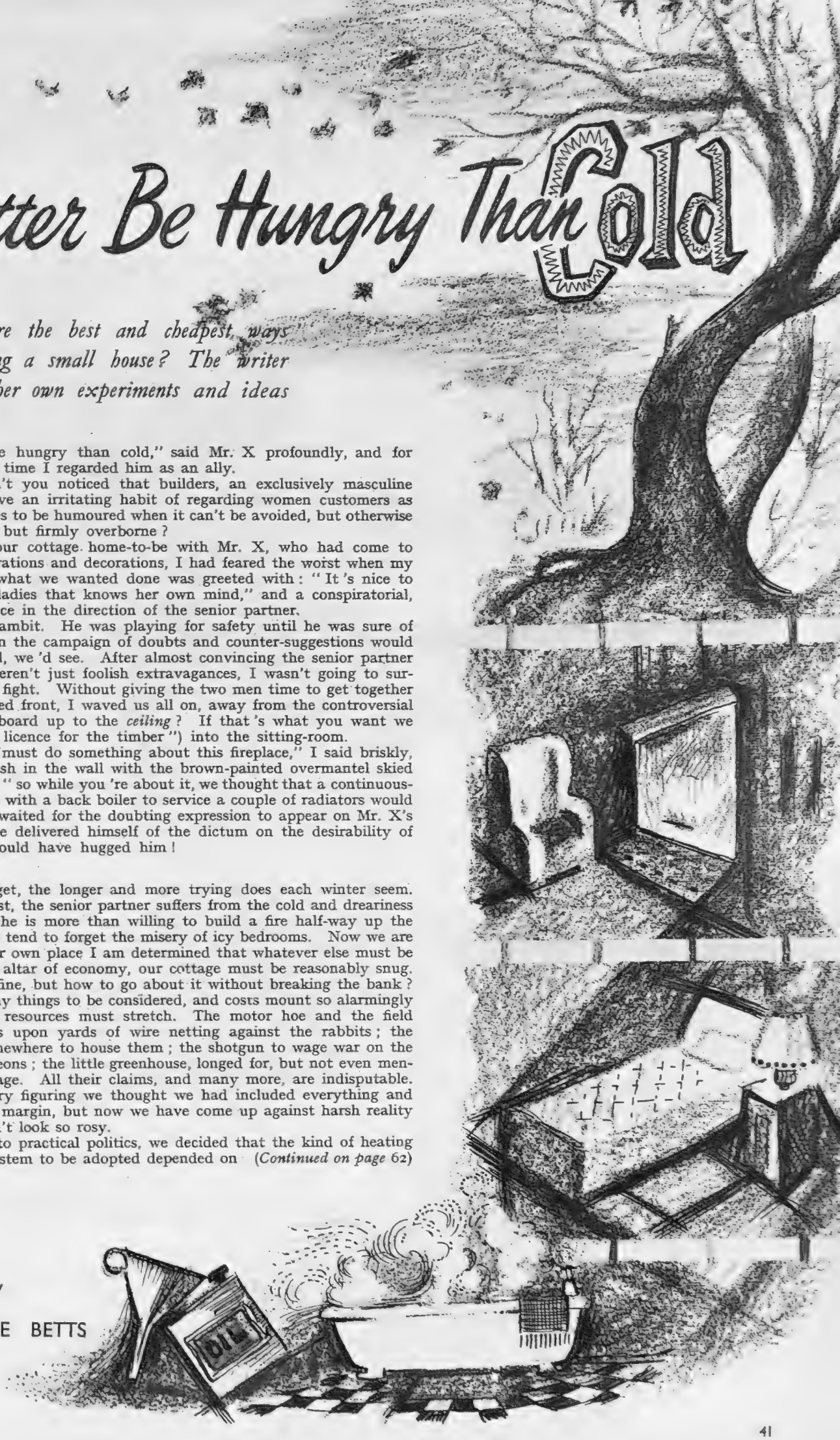
THE older I get, the longer and more trying does each winter seem. To be honest, the senior partner suffers from the cold and dreariness too, but though he is more than willing to build a fire half-way up the chimney, he does tend to forget the misery of icy bedrooms. Now we are going to have our own place I am determined that whatever else must be sacrificed on the altar of economy, our cottage must be reasonably snug.

The theory is fine, but how to go about it without breaking the bank? There are so many things to be considered, and costs mount so alarmingly and our limited resources must stretch. The motor hoe and the field gates; the yards upon yards of wire netting against the rabbits; the chickens and somewhere to house them; the shotgun to wage war on the squirrels and pigeons; the little greenhouse, longed for, but not even mentioned at this stage. All their claims, and many more, are indisputable. In the preliminary figuring we thought we had included everything and left a reasonable margin, but now we have come up against harsh reality the picture doesn't look so rosy.

Getting down to practical politics, we decided that the kind of heating and hot-water system to be adopted depended on (*Continued on page* 62)

by

KATHERINE BETTS



jersey has everything

OF all fabrics jersey has the fullest life and is the most amenable to an alliance of comfort and fashion. Here it is at its best in an autumn street dress by *Marcus* in fine malleable jersey, diamond checked in navy and grey. Shoulders are softly rounded and a moulded bodice indents a trim belted waist above a straight skirt. *At Harrods*

Jersey again (above) for a button-through classic with a straight skirt open to the hem. In off-beige which this Autumn forms a much-fancied partnership with brown. *Susan Small at Elizabeth March, Brompton Road*

Charcoal jersey (top right) with a mandarin collar and an inverted pleat from neck to hem. The dress, which zips at the back, partners a hip-length jacket in emerald with charcoal facings. *Wolsey at main stores*

A diagonal line of buttons closes a well-fitted bodice at the throat line (right) and a straight skirt lightly drapes at the side into a softening panel. In grey jersey wool. *" London Town " at Galleries Lafayette*

Jacqueline Kennish

Joan Pattrick

THEY WORK

HAVE you ever thought how far Fashion, in its widest sense and not merely as related to dress, affects almost every aspect of life? The books we read; the causes we enthuse over; the way we spend our leisure or bring up our children are swayed by this intangible something just as much as the way we arrange our homes or the clothes we choose.

Yet it is equally true that most individual fashions, emanating as they do from creative thinkers, artists or designers who tend to be a law unto themselves, are considered extreme and impractical, even if they are not roundly condemned, when they first appear. Some of these fashions prove a mere flash in the pan, but to the rest, two separate things happen. The first extravagances are pruned away and mellowed, adapted forms follow. While this is happening, you and I of the general public begin to "get our eye (or ear) in," and discover that the new style in dress, or easy chairs, or way of spending one's leisure has something to be said for it after all.

This acceptance of the unfamiliar is largely brought about by people whose talents are a blend of the creative, interpretive and practical. They are sensitive and quick to absorb anything that is fresh and stimulating, yet their fellow-feeling with the rest of us (who don't like to be rushed) gives them that essential ingredient to success, a sense of timing. These are the women who, working unseen and unknown to the public, are interpreting our tastes and shaping our fortunes to a great extent.

In the world of clothes, Beatrice Dawson is such a person.

Starting her professional life as a painter, an urge to make things with her hands turned her attention to jewellery. Soon she was creating original and beautiful pieces, with buttons, buckles and belts, for Norman Hartnell and others. War came, metal was unobtainable, but, nothing daunted, she achieved her effect with gilded leather. But designing and making *costume* accessories couldn't occupy all her professional energies at such a time, so she took on a job at a popular London store, advising customers on the use of clothing coupons and on ways to make over and give new interest to their existing wardrobes.

Until then Beatrice Dawson had been working with people to whom the creation of something striking or new was the important thing—cost played only an incidental part. Now she brought her painter's eye, her appreciation of colour and texture to the service of ordinary folk who had to study practicability and price just as much as effect. What she learnt then was later to prove invaluable, but first her experience was to be widened in exciting new directions.

THE jewellery she devised for the spectacular production of the film *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was so outstanding that the question was asked: "And why not costumes next time?" From then on she has "done" the costumes for almost more pictures than she can remember—*The Importance of Being Earnest* ("It was wonderful dressing Edith Evans. She had everything in character from the skin up—and the *gigot* sleeves. They really did have a fashion influence"); *Trottie True* ("That was fun, with those gorgeous Edwardian dresses"); *London Belongs To Me*; *A Street Car Named Desire*; *The Red Beret*; *The Life of Melba* (with its entrancing sequences of both stage and private-life dresses) among them. In between whiles she designed for the theatre, with its no less absorbing problems.

Like so many jobs that sound fascinating, film costume design is partly a matter of creative inspiration, but largely hard, painstaking slogging. Set and

Beatrice Dawson

UNSEEN

Kay Smallshaw introduces three interesting women who, little known to the public as personalities, exert a powerful influence on our tastes

costume designers must plan together, and both of them please the director. This ability to work as one of a team, as well as her earlier experience in a department store, must have had a good deal to do with Miss Dawson's success in her other post-war role—that of fashion adviser at a large multiple store.

I have called her a "fashion adviser" for want of a better title for the many-sided work she does there, but perhaps "contact woman" would be more explanatory. For whether she is taking a party of "selectors," as the buyers are called, to the *couture* showings in Paris, or conferring with production experts on the best way of, shall we say, cutting a raglan sleeve for a mass-production dress that will look well on any normal figure, she is, in effect, interpreting and adapting high fashion in the cause of Miss and Mrs. Everywoman.

"My two parts dovetail perfectly," Miss Dawson told me. "In my film and stage work I can experiment with colours; try out new techniques. I go everywhere. Meet all kinds of people. The mental stimulation I gain from it, the awareness of what is going on at the top; the *direction* of the current, is tremendously helpful with the store job. But it's not just a question of sensing what details and fashion points are good. It's rather what fresh ideas will be as acceptable to a conservative market or industrial town as to London, and *when*."

"MIND you," she went on, "taste is improving all the time and the public is much more receptive to fashion now than even a few years ago. At one time we never sold black because people thought of it as a working-uniform colour. Now it is becoming more popular. Beige, so practical, had a long run, while grey was left alone as being a mourning shade. People love it to-day. Of course, blue is the favourite, and how right that is! In one tone or another it suits all Englishwomen, and men love to see it worn. Colour that seems a little daring can be introduced into prints. We have better, more sophisticated designs these days. Buttons? Tested for wear, but *simple*. What was good enough for Molyneux is good enough for us! Which reminds me: 'separates,' or 'togethers,' as we call them, are a *couture* invention that is fast catching on.

"But we have production problems to solve before we can extend our ranges still further. You see, good quality materials and honest workmanship must come first when every shilling counts. You've got to think of what people want and the lives they lead. Everything must be right for *them*."

SLIGHT, tiny-waisted "Jo" Pattrick has fewer years of experience than the brilliant, dynamic Miss Dawson, but they have one thing in common besides their wonderful dark eyes and a capacity for hard work. They put *people* before *things*—or ideas.

Leaving school during the war, Jo wanted to take up social science. There were no vacancies at the University in Liverpool, but with all the urgent problems caused by evacuation, the local authority was glad of keen, if inexperienced workers, so she started in at the practical end. When later there was a chance of a university place, her employers didn't want to lose her. She could go into people's homes and help them without putting their backs up, and such workers don't come every day. So she stayed on until, shortly after, she married, and, with her architect-husband, came to London.

They found a small house and remodelled it, and young Mrs. Pattrick set about the furnishing. After the shortages and (*Continued on page* 66)

BEAUTY ON

Some advice on the economics of your budget for beauty, proving that it is possible to save your pocket without sacrificing your face

A BUDGET

by CHRYSIS

NO one likes the idea of economising, least of all in the beauty department. But all the same, more and more women are saying to themselves just now, "I seem to be spending an awful lot of money on beauty preparations. I wonder if it is really necessary?"

If the woman of to-day is looking ten times younger than her mother and twenty times younger than her grandmother at the same age, some of the credit must obviously go to her beauty routine. Beauty preparations cost money, but is there any woman who wouldn't buy prolonged youth and beauty at *some* price? It is only when that price becomes too high that the thoughts of economy come creeping in.

Is it possible, therefore, to economise on beauty aids without sacrifice to standards? The answer is almost certainly yes.

Fundamentally, buying beauty aids, just like any other form of buying, is a matter of pure economics—a fact inevitably but understandably overlooked by any woman in a flap about a new wrinkle or a crop of pimples. But pare away the anxiety, the vanity and all the other human emotions which get involved with personal appearances, and what is left is a financial transaction obeying all the basic laws of economics—and economies.

We are told that the first step towards economising on the housekeeping is to make a budget and stick to it. It is just as sound advice for beauty, too. You will see that it is possible to work out how much expenditure should be for any given period—week, month, or quarter, whichever seems more convenient. It is easier to keep within a limit of expenditure if you know what the limit is, and so resist all those ill-considered purchases which send up the total cost without achieving the desired results.

There is a law of economics about investment of capital. If you make a good investment you will save money in the long run. If you make a foolish investment you lose. Simple enough. Now translate this into beauty terms and it still holds good. The right preparations for your type of skin are the only profitable and economic ones for you. All the others are a sheer waste of your money, so there is no point in hankering after them, is there? Never buy a beauty preparation "in the hope" but always "in the know." Learn to know your skin and its requirements, if necessary consulting a specialist at a beauty salon. A salon treatment can be an investment in the long run if it is going to save you pounds on all the wrong creams and lotions you might have bought in the future.

All skins need three basic preparations—a cleanser, a lubricant and an astringent. Used regularly every day, these three will keep the skin healthy and lovely, prolonging a youthful complexion indefinitely. Any attempt to economise on these three basics will prove fatal in the long run both to your complexion and your purse, for you will find yourself face to face with the necessity to buy more expensive corrective preparations to right the troubles brought on by neglect.

There are an infinite number of variations of these three preparations. The sensitive skin, the oily skin, the wrinkled and the dry skin—in fact, every individual kind of skin is specially catered for. It is up to you to find out which is the right trio for your skin type and to stick faithfully to it.

Once you know what your skin requires, it is simple arithmetic to work out exactly what your beauty routine is costing you, knowing that your skin could have no better treatment and therefore the top limit of expenditure has been reached.

Say you have found that Max Factor's Satin Flow Facial Cleansing Lotion, Night Facial Stik and Skin Freshener suit your skin perfectly. The Cleanser costs 5s. 2d. and lasts six weeks, say 10½d. a week; the Night Facial Stik costs 5s. 2d. and lasts eight weeks, say 8d. a week; the Skin Freshener 6s. 8d. and will last eight weeks, 10d. a week. This beauty routine costs no more than 2s. 4½d. a week. Hardly excessive, yet as a beauty routine it could not be improved.

Or perhaps you have found the Goya range of beauty aids is the one for you. Here is a weekly beauty budget based on Goya preparations: (*Continued on page* 75)

By

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

For further details of the shopping finds on these two pages, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House 195, Strand, W.C.2.

1. Bagcraft have designed this hide jewel-case, a miniature replica of a suitcase, approximately £2 8s. The lizard, frog and tortoise brooches are in real lizard skin, price 12s. 6d. each

2. Accessories for six o'clock and after. The smart but capacious black grosgrain handbag, on the dolly-bag principle, from Susan Handbags, can also be obtained in velvet and satin, and in any colour to order, £5 15s. 6d. This is a good buy for the woman who requires a general-purpose handbag which will double up for dressier occasions, too. It is classic enough to be worn with dressmaker suits, yet dainty enough for cocktail-time. The black lace and suede shoe is from the Lotus range of cocktail shoes, £4 5s.

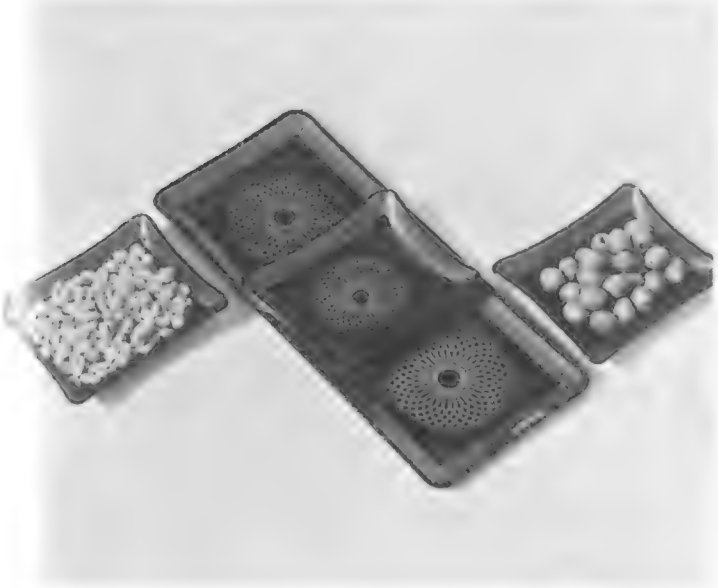
3. This is Christian Dior's new jewellery creation, black topaz. The stones are as exotic as their name, smoky black with overtones of amethyst and gold, the settings large and bold in design. These two pieces are from the complete suite, the ear-rings £3 13s. 6d., the pendant stab pin £3 13s. 6d. This jewellery is exclusive to Harrods of Knightsbridge.

4. Four morocco leather-covered clips comprise a miniature filing system for household or private correspondence. The set of four clips is 1 guinea. Complete the home office equipment with a leather-covered notepad useful for jotting down telephone messages, recipes and other essential data. The all-too-familiar hunt for the pencil is avoided because the magnetic top of the pad holds it firmly in place.

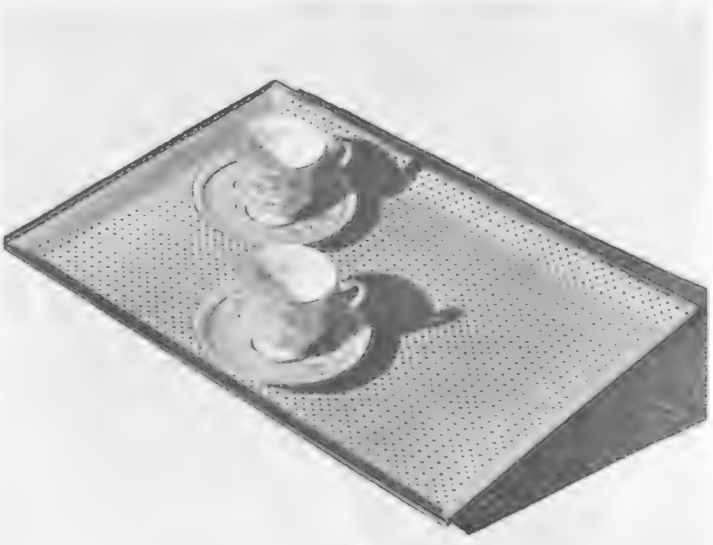
Shopping For The House

White trellis trough for plant pots, £1 7s. 6d.

Chelsea china piggy banks, Liberty's, 19s. 3d. each



Gold on ruby glass *hors d'oeuvres* set, £1 13s. 3d.



White punched metal tray, Peter Jones, £2 15s. 9d.

Fat strainer and storage canister. The set, 14s. 6d.

Prewar favourites in Carr's new biscuit tin, 5s.

WINE and WOMEN

by

P. M. Dixon

IF you are a man who believes that women know as much about wine and fine food as you do about lingerie, or if you are one of those downtrodden dames who watch with dumb admiration as her male escort discusses the wine list with the maître d'hôtel, take a look around the really good little restaurants of Paris, those seemingly unimportant little places in unexpected streets, and note how many of those with reputations are run by or have the cooking done by a woman.

Watch Madame Coralie, of *Eugène and Coralie*, come fluttering out of the kitchen looking like the vicar's wife in mauve tulle to advise a patron about the burgundy. She has just cooked you a *Sole Normande* but looks as if she had newly arrayed herself for a garden party. You'd never guess she had been a key agent in the French Resistance and sheltered hundreds of British and American flyers. See what sort of a selection of wine Yvonne can offer you *Aux Petits Pères* near the Bourse, or discuss the exact time you should roast a duck for *Canard aux Ananas* with Mme Gafner on the Left Bank. The *Taverne Nicolas Flamel*, as good a restaurant as you will find anywhere, is in the hands of a woman; the honours at the unpretentious *Sylvain* are done by one; or have you ever met the immaculate and beautiful owner of the *Bossu* on the Ile St. Louis?

So if you are a woman, take courage from these pillars of the gastronomic world and refuse to allow any man to bulldoze you in the matter of food or wine.

The truth is that while a great many men talk confidently of Pouilly Fuissé, Château Lafitte and Montrachet, ask for the dryest sherry and champagne, and, if they are really anxious to impress, mention something about a *premier cru* or "a special cuvée," very few of them indeed know anything about wine at all and you can baffle them as easily as you can tempt a dog with a bone.

A friend of mine used regularly to serve a grocer's port to people who prided themselves on a knowledge of wine. He brought in a decanter with ceremony and care and told them it was a "Taylor's Coronation" or some such, and they used to go away swearing they had never tasted anything so delicious or with such "bouquet" in their lives.

Do not be hazed by the jargon of wine. The nice distinctions between really fine wines, the classifications into "growths" and all that sort of thing is complex, but it is of little purpose for the average man or woman to know anything about them. The chances of your ever tasting a really great wine are small. They just don't get on the market, or do so in such small quantities as to rarely come the way of such as us. For myself, however, I would rather drink the worst wine than no wine at all. Wine makes a banquet of a piece of bread and cheese. It turns the ordinary suburban supper into a feast. I enjoy a good glass of beer; I like a stiff Scotch and soda and find a gin and tonic, well iced, as refreshing as any drink I know; but no beer and no spirit can take the place of wine as the accompaniment to eating.

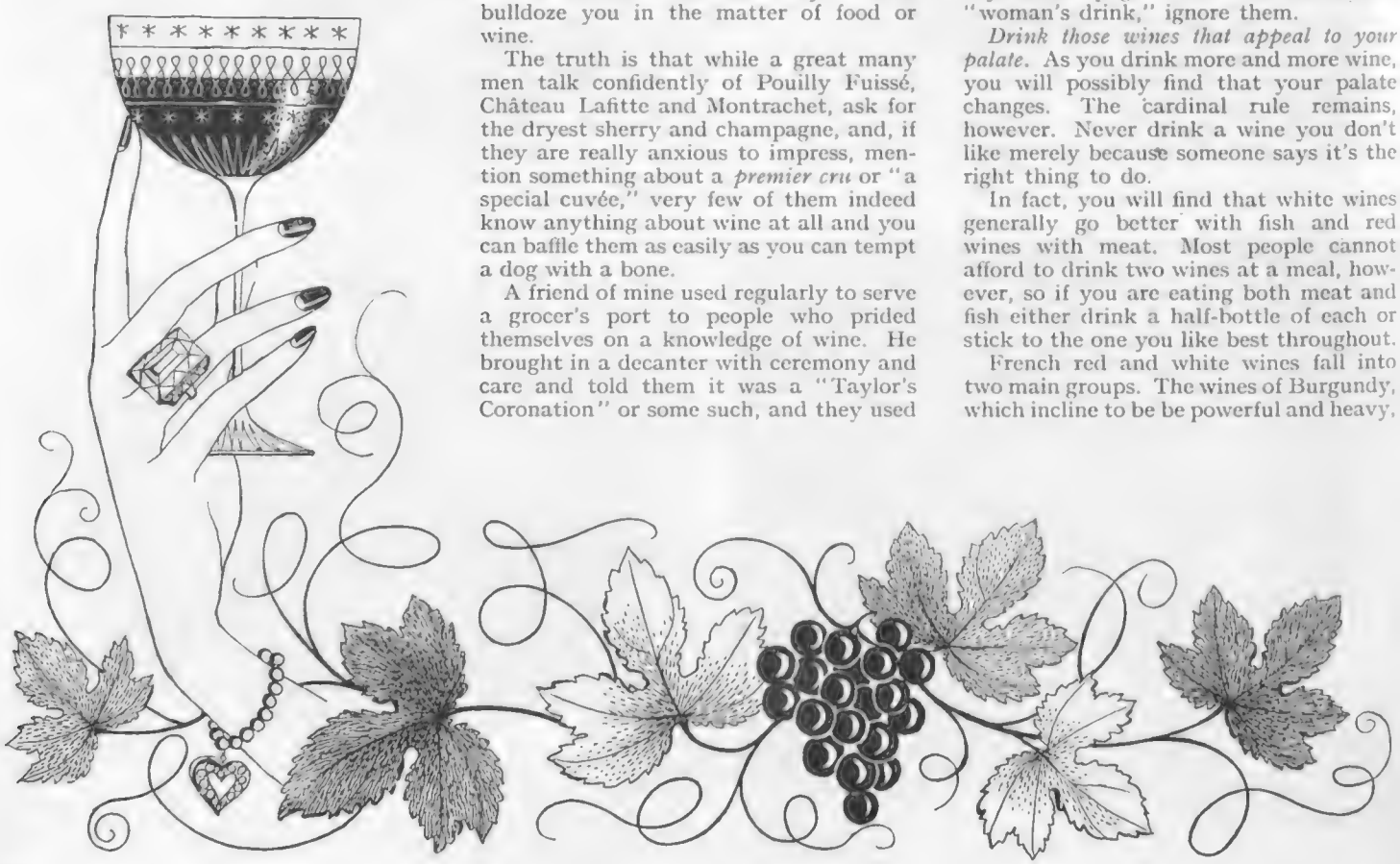
It is noticeable that since the vast postwar increase in the price of spirits, more and more people in this country are experimenting with wine, and getting to like it. It is now quite cheap, too.

FOR those who are anxious to go a little further and to begin to know something about wine, here are some basic truths. First of all, if anybody tells you that it is incorrect to drink red wine with white fish; to like anything but the dryest champagne; or that Sauterne is a "woman's drink," ignore them.

Drink those wines that appeal to your palate. As you drink more and more wine, you will possibly find that your palate changes. The cardinal rule remains, however. Never drink a wine you don't like merely because someone says it's the right thing to do.

In fact, you will find that white wines generally go better with fish and red wines with meat. Most people cannot afford to drink two wines at a meal, however, so if you are eating both meat and fish either drink a half-bottle of each or stick to the one you like best throughout.

French red and white wines fall into two main groups. The wines of Burgundy, which incline to be be powerful and heavy,



and the wines of Bordeaux, the red of which we call claret and the white—Bordeaux. There are, of course, other wine-producing districts—Rhone, Anjou, Languedoc and so on, and they give us many excellent wines, but the best French wines come from Burgundy and Bordeaux.

As far as we in Britain are concerned, the other wines available to us are mainly either German—the hocks—or Italian. The former are almost all white wines and the best of the latter are red. There *are* some fine hocks, but in England at reasonable prices the hocks are mostly dry and rather thin. This also applies to the Alsatian wines which are similar. The Italian wines are rough and heady and also too expensive for what they are, although the straw-covered Chianti flasks make a dinner table look festive. Much cheaper, and to my mind better, are some of the Spanish wines to be picked up in Soho at 6s. to 7s. a bottle. There is also some first-rate Chilean burgundy about at 6s. to 6s. 6d.

If you are beginning to take an interest in wine start with the Spanish wines—the reds. The whites are less good. Buy a bottle at a time and buy a different one each time until you find one you like. Then stick to this for a few months. After that start experimenting with the cheaper French wines at from 8s. 6d. to 12s. a bottle.

If you are a complete tyro you can always tell a claret from a burgundy by the bottle. Burgundy comes in bottles with sloping shoulders; claret in bottles with high shoulders.

Clarets are usually named from the "Château" which owns the vineyard concerned, and to a great extent the name of a château on a bottle is a guarantee that the wine in the bottle is from that particular vineyard. Unfortunately the burgundies are not so protected. Names like Corton and Montrachet do not always guarantee the purity of the contents. In the case of burgundies it is the shipper's name that is important. A wine exported by a reputable shipper will be what it is labelled. One exported by a less responsible merchant may have been mixed with other wines so as to increase the amount to be sold under a popular name. The biggest shippers of burgundy are not necessarily the best. A good wine book will tell you the ones to trust.

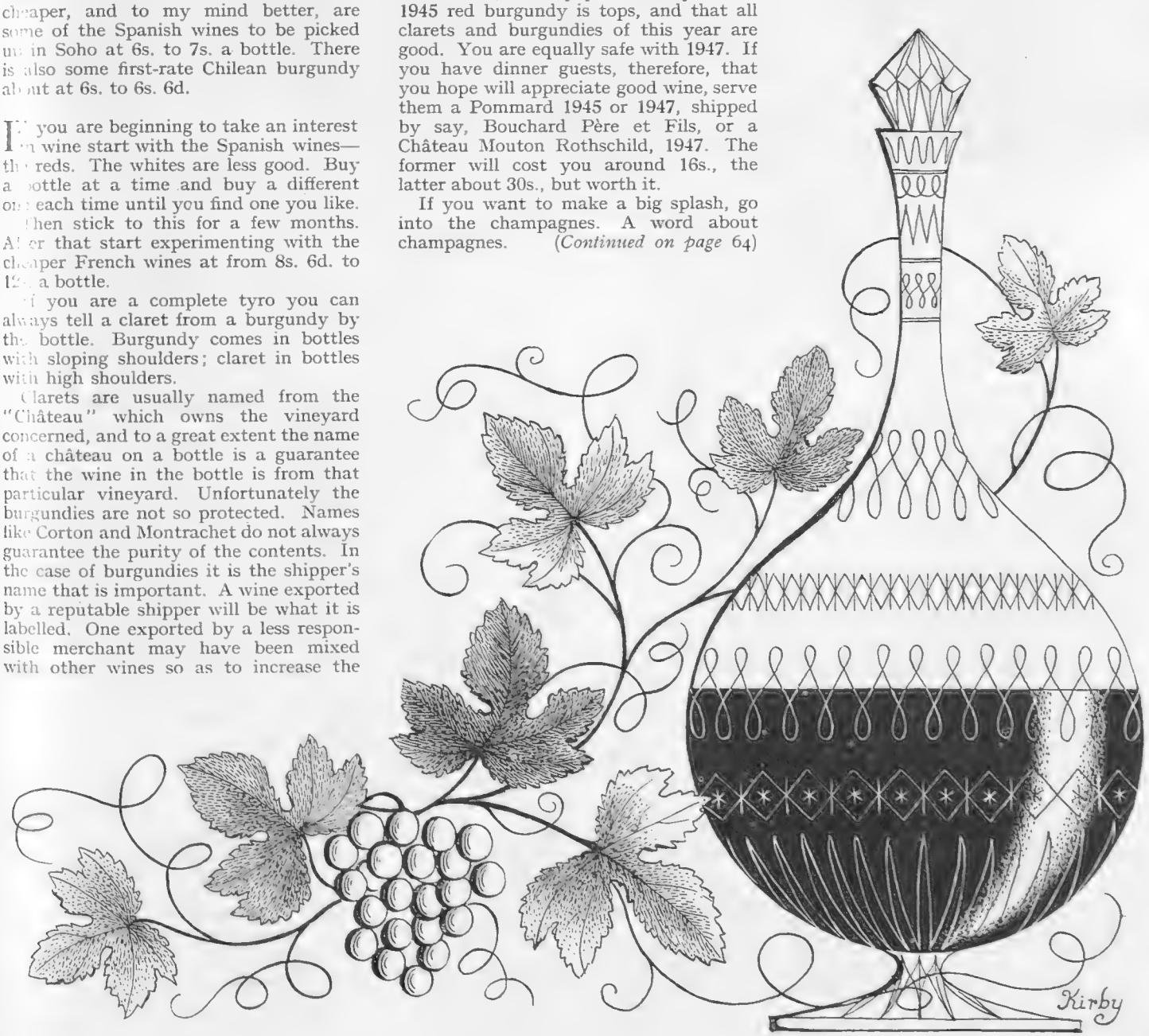
Nearly all wines improve with age, but the age of a wine alone is no guarantee of worth.

The ordinary person is unlikely to come across much wine dated before 1929, even if lucky enough to find claret or burgundy of this particular year. Note, too, that the good years for claret are not necessarily the good years for burgundy, and the good years for red burgundy and white burgundy are not necessarily the same. Again, not all wines in a good year are good. Some vineyards may have had an indifferent yield.

However, broadly you can say that a 1945 red burgundy is tops, and that all clarets and burgundies of this year are good. You are equally safe with 1947. If you have dinner guests, therefore, that you hope will appreciate good wine, serve them a Pommard 1945 or 1947, shipped by say, Bouchard Père et Fils, or a Château Mouton Rothschild, 1947. The former will cost you around 16s., the latter about 30s., but worth it.

If you want to make a big splash, go into the champagnes. A word about champagnes. (*Continued on page* 64)

Never let yourself be hazed by the jargon of wine, but drink what you like the taste of



The new white loaf appeals to the eye but does it, as some say, mean the sacrifice of important nutrients . . .?

By a LEADING BIO-CHEMIST

BATTLE for BREAD

LAST month, the millers were permitted, for the first time since 1940, to mill white flour, and hence the bakers were able to bake, for the first time in thirteen years, a white loaf, similar to the prewar white loaf, for which the public has always shown a marked preference. But there is a difference between the present and the prewar white loaf.

By law, the present white loaf must contain certain stated quantities of nutrients (especially certain vitamins) in which the prewar white flour was somewhat deficient.

Let there be no misunderstanding. Vitamins—and there are many of them, some more important than others—are just complex chemical substances, naturally existing in foods. They are not living things. Their exact chemical composition and structure is known and hence most of them can be fairly easily made by the chemist. There is absolutely no difference in the vitamins which exist naturally (as in the wheat germ for instance) and those which are made synthetically. Both have the same properties and perform the same function in the diet for the simple reason that they are identical substances.

In the process of milling white flour, some of the nutrients of the wheat are lost. In the white flour now on sale, these losses have been largely made good—and the result is a white flour, in the main respect as nutritious as the National flour from which bread has been made for thirteen years.

THE new white loaf is not subsidized and is dearer than the National loaf. For the better colour and slightly "bolder" white loaf, will the public pay the extra cost? At present we cannot be sure except for certain special bread. It is my personal view that the main demand for white flour in the first instance will be for cakes, biscuits and confectionery generally. The use of white flour as against darker flour is particularly important if cakes are once again to be really attractive and of the prewar standard which so many of us have almost forgotten.

But all those who, in spite of the higher price, prefer the white loaf, will at least know that nutritionally, it must be substantially equal to the National loaf.

It may be asked, "Is the white loaf made from bleached flour?" The answer is almost invariably "Yes," just as the National loaf is made of bleached flour, since the public prefer a white crumb to a creamy crumb. Bleaching deals principally with the question of whiteness as against creaminess and not "brightness" as against "dullness." It also assists the making of the type of loaf the public wants while still using all the wheats available.

"Are the bleaching agents harmful?" The answer here is again quite definite and simple and it is "No." Objection has been raised to the use of nitrogen trichloride (popularly known as Agene) since some dogs fed mainly on a cereal diet treated with this bleaching agent, were adversely affected. In consequence of this discovery, a tremendous amount of experimental work has taken place both in the United States and here in this country on the effect of flour, so bleached, on human beings. Although the experiments have been made for long periods on really heavily treated flours (much more so than would be encountered commercially) no evidence of its harmfulness has been substantiated.

IT is true that it has been decided to prohibit use of Agene in the United States and to use chlorine dioxide in its place. In this country, chlorine dioxide is also gradually replacing the Agene process, but, as stated by a Committee of the Ministries of Health and of Food detailed to investigate the matter, "the public can be assured that the present methods of the treatment of flour, which have been in operation in this country, the United States and Canada for some twenty-five years, and which include agenization, have not proved to be injurious to human health."

It might also be asked, "Is there as much germ in the white loaf as there is in "brown or wholemeal breads?" The answer is "no." In the preparation of white flour, some of the wheat germ has to go.

Certain breads are made which are especially rich in germ. It is the presence of the wheat germ which gives brown breads their characteristic flavour, which many people appreciate. The germ is also the portion of the wheat which contains a high percentage of food value. It would be wrong in a short article to enter into detailed discussion concerning the place in the diet of trace vitamins. But as one who has spent years in making assays of these trace vitamins in food, it can be stated that, while brown and wholemeal breads have higher food values than white bread, if you prefer to eat the new white bread, you will not suffer nutritionally.

Always remember the wise advice of one of our greatest comediennes who should have been made the patron saint of dietitians, that "a little of what you fancy does you good."

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Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL

Pastaciutta

by JANET DARBY

LADIES *and* gentlemen—yes, gentlemen, too, for the subject is as interesting to you as to us, the matter to be discussed today is "Pasta—How do you eat it?" Fork, or spoon? That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler. . . . Sorry! Hamlet was a Dane, wasn't he; and it is the Italians who have the best claim to a chief interest in pasta, since they can boast of more than sixty different forms of it. Macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, rigatoni, occhi di perce, to name only a few. But the Chinese, the Russians, the French, the Poles, the Spaniards *and* the Danes can all lay claim to ravioli, which is a form of this delectable food; while noodles, thick or thin, may be said to be almost universally known.

This question of whether to use a fork or a spoon has puckered brows all over the world. Certainly the Italians have a deft and fascinating way with a fork, but many an Englishman can twirl a pretty *fettucini*. I myself am no purist in this matter. Humbly I employ a fork and spoon, preferring immediate nourishment to spectacular achievement. I have seen far too many immaculate shirt-fronts reduced to mere bibs in vain attempts to emulate the fork artists.

EVERY large town in Great Britain has at least one Italian store where a variety of pastaciutta can be obtained. The shapes differ, ranging from large hollow tubes (macaroni) to the thinnest of strips (fettucine), but the basis is, or should be, the same always; and that is—semolina. Not semolina flour, and certainly not ordinary flour. Made on the largest commercial scale nowadays, one gets a floury product which is a useful standby in the kitchen, but it is *not* pasta, which is hard and tough to begin with, and which, when cooked, comes to the table, clean, firm and shapely; never gummy or pappy.

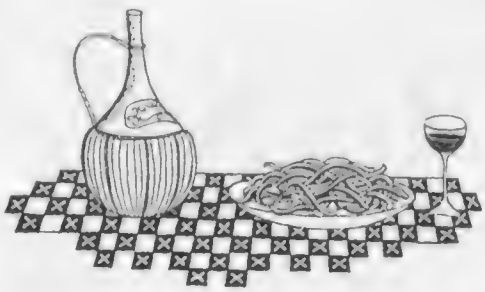
Now for a few general rules. Whichever shape of pasta you choose, it must be cooked in a *large* pan of well-salted, fast-boiling water. It should be stirred at intervals to prevent sticking. It takes from fifteen minutes to half an hour to cook, dependant on the size and thickness. It is ready when it is just tender, but still retains its shape. Then it should be taken from the stove and immediately put under the cold tap, so as to wash away any excess of flour, and also to stop the cooking before the shape is lost. Drain very thoroughly in a colander.

The pasta is now cooked. How do you propose to serve it? Tomato sauce is, of course, the best-known of all sauces for it, and the following is, in my opinion, the best of all tomato sauces.

PLACE four tablespoons olive oil in a pan, and add to it two minced cloves of garlic and one minced onion. If obtainable, mince or shred one green pepper and add, together with one carrot, shredded. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Add one breakfastcup fresh tomato juice; 1 teaspoon each of thyme and marjoram; salt and pepper to taste. Cook for twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Dress the pasta with this, and serve with grated cheese. This is enough for four portions, which means that you have started with three quarters of a pound of spaghetti or macaroni. This is the true *Spaghetti alla Napolitana*. It is simple and excellent, and it *must* be served as soon as cooked, as, indeed, must all pasta dishes. If fresh tomatoes are unobtainable, use one can of tomato juice, together with a *little* tomato paste (*conserva di pomidoro*). Use no more than one tablespoon to a can of juice, or the tomato flavour will be too strong. If you want a weightier dish, you may like to try *Macaroni alla Curzola*, which requires the following ingredients:

- 1 lb. stewing steak
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 onion and 2 cloves garlic
- 1 breakfastcup tomato
- ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice
- ½ cup dry red wine
- ¼ lb. dried prunes
- ½ lb. macaroni
- Salt and pepper

Heat the oil, and quickly brown the cubed meat in it. Then take the meat from the oil, and put aside while you cook the minced onion and garlic slowly in the oil for ten minutes. Add the tomato, the spices and the wine, the meat and the seasoning. Cook gently for half an hour; then add the prunes, uncut, and cook for another half hour, stirring frequently. Meantime, you will have cooked and drained the basic macaroni. Mix with the cooked meat sauce, top with a dressing of grated cheese and serve at once.



ANOTHER good meat sauce for spaghetti or ravioli (which are delectable little envelopes of pasta, filled with meat or chicken or spinach) is the following. If you are intrepid enough to try to pronounce it, the dish is called *Ravioli* (or *Spaghetti*) *con Salsa di carne macchinata*, and the following quantities make four to five portions:

- 2 tablespoons bacon fat
- ½ lb. minced beef
- 2 cloves garlic
- ½ cup cider or white wine
- ¼ lb. mushrooms (stalks will do)
- ½ teaspoon each rosemary and sweet basil
- Parsley
- 1 tin tomatoes plus juice of 4 fresh tomatoes
- ¾ lb. spaghetti or ravioli
- Salt and pepper

Heat the fat and brown the minced beef quickly. Add minced garlic and cook slowly. Add wine or cider, cook ten minutes, then add the rest of the ingredients. Cook slowly for one hour stirring occasionally. Mix with the pasta and serve with grated cheese.

Now for two fish sauces—at least, the first is called *Pasta alla Marinaia*, but there's no fish about it. It's very garlicy; be warned if you care about such things. You will want: (*Continued on page 80*)

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The Bargain (*Continued from page* 30)

officer. He had a small private income, too insignificant for luxury but it had enabled him to keep a hunter and when duty permitted he put up at an inn and attended the nearby meets. Thus he met Joanna.

In due course he was invited to dinner by her father, the baronet; later he spent a weekend with a house party. He took Joanna out in London. Much in their natures was complementary. They came of similar stock. It was a surprise to nobody when they announced their engagement.

This was in July, 1939. A hasty marriage then seemed out of the question for Mayhew did not relish the prospect that he might marry Joanna and widow her with equal haste. His career followed the general pattern: stalemate in France until the abortive lunge into Belgium; the deliverance of Dunkirk and then, his regiment re-equipped by the long sea route to the Middle East. He fought and escaped from the blazing armour trapped in the Knightsbridge box, lived through the ferocity of El Alamein. When they moved into Sicily, Mayhew had news that Joanna had been posted with a detachment of Wrens to Australia. She wrote to him once or twice from Sydney and then the letters unaccountably stopped. Mayhew got one more letter, clearly conscious-stricken but definite. She was married and she did not even give him her husband's name.

Mayhew cabled at once but got no reply. By the end of the war he had been unable to trace anyone who knew Joanna's husband. In England, he learnt that she was still abroad but the baronet was dead, his house sold.

Mayhew was seconded for special duties in Malaya, first in Singapore and later was posted to Colar Luana, an important centre of tin and rubber.

AT one of the first parties to which he was invited, he came face to face with Joanna. The shock robbed him of speech. His hostess caught an eddy of the sense of intolerable strain and, glancing swiftly from Joanna to Mayhew, asked:

"Do you two know each other by any chance?"

Mayhew saw a sudden look of anguish in Joanna's eyes, felt some unspoken appeal and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "But I was reminded of someone else, so strongly that for a moment I must have looked as if I did."

Later, during the party, Joanna found an opportunity to say to Mayhew:

"Thank you, my dear. Please—for Johnny's sake—can we go on pretending?"

Mayhew identified Joanna's husband with difficulty and when he saw Johnny Little at first could not believe his eyes. He was short, stocky, inches less than Joanna and there was nothing immediately handsome in his round, shining face with its button nose and twinkling eyes.

But Mayhew gathered, during the next few days, that while it was generally conceded that had Joanna's father still been alive he would have declared that his daughter had married beneath her, Joanna was ideally happy and the Littles were a popular couple. Little was known in Malaya, having served in the police before the war and been evacuated before the fall of Singapore.

It was also rumoured that Joanna was rich. There were many justifications: her very good clothes, the two or three ponies which she kept while there was talk of her joining a syndicate to buy one of the best racehorses in Singapore. She had shiny magazines sent out from England and new books every month. She was able to talk about London plays as if she had been there the week before.

Mayhew, forced into his present predicament before he had had time to consider the position, maintained the fiction that Joanna and he were recent acquaintances. Nobody in Colar Luana had known either of them before the war and, while the relationship in such a small community had elements of strain about it, and even of humorous irony, it was not intolerable except to Mayhew. He put in for a transfer but agreement was deferred on the grounds that the guerrilla warfare was so serious that men of his experience and seniority could not be spared.

* * *

He heard his servant laying dinner in the next room. He had no appetite and was deathly tired. Joanna's cruel remark, "*You've always wanted this, haven't you?*" haunted him.

The Chinese servant came quietly into the room in his soft slippers and cleared the table. He set a bowl of fruit before Mayhew. Mayhew shook his head. He went into the other room and the boy carried in coffee. When he had set the tray before Mayhew, he said in a gentle, toneless voice:

"There is a person who wishes to see the Tuan Major."

By the way he spoke, Mayhew guessed that the visitor had been waiting for some time. It was by no means unusual for him to have such visits. Information was often carried—warnings, tips of projected raids, ambushes. Mayhew nodded.

A middle-aged Chinaman materialized in the doorway. A high, bald forehead was framed by thin, fine hair like a worn-down brush. Far below in the round face, so it seemed, was a pair of bright, liquid eyes. He was smartly dressed in white ducks, a black bow tie and patent leather shoes. Under one arm he carried a leather brief case.

The visitor made a little bow, very stiffly. "Good evening, Major Mayhew."

"Good evening. And what can I do for you?"

"My name is Li." He opened the brief case and took out a visiting-card. Handing it to Mayhew, he again bowed.

Mayhew read: *Mr. Cheng Ho Li,* and beneath *The Colar Luana Tin & Dredging Company.*

"Have you come to see me on business?" Mayhew asked.

"Business of a vely special nature." Li's voice was high and sing-song and while his English was exemplary he had trouble sounding his r's. Mayhew asked him to sit.

Somewhat bluntly, Mayhew said: "Are you in touch with the guerrillas?"

Li's shining eyes closed for an instant, then the lids blinked up, like small blinds.

"I am a loyal Blitish subject," he exclaimed, as though making a declaration of faith which he had made before on countless occasions and would doubtless continue to do so as long as the present situation demanded.

LI glanced for a moment more keenly at Mayhew than he had before permitted himself to do. The regular features, the long, angular face was more inscrutable, he decided, than his own countrymen's supposedly expressionless faces.

"I am a business man. I have several companies and many businesses. In the past my dredges and my trade have been damaged. It was impossible to obtain complete protection. With leglet, therefore, I have come to a working allangement with the illegular forces."

Mayhew nodded. He had listened to similar disclaimers in the past but it was disconcerting, he reflected, the men who were mixed up with the guerrillas. He had learnt a little about the Chinese and he put Li down as a man of considerable substance. At the same time he wished that he had greater confidence in his good faith.

"It has come to my notice," the Chinaman said softly, and again the blinds were lowered for an instant over the bright, shining eyes, "that a Blitish police officer has been absconded."

"Correct."

"There is said to be a big leward for him."

"Yes. But before any cash can be handed over I shall have to get an official authority."

Li smiled, a faint, almost apologetic smile.

"That, I am aflaid, will not be necessary."

"Oh?"

"It is not the leward they want."

Mayhew stared keenly at Li. The Chinaman blinked several times in quick succession as though he found such scrutiny embarrassing.

"Then what was the point in coming to see me? Aren't you the intermediary?"

Li smiled and a butterfly might have touched his lips.

"The intermediary perhaps. A business man, yes. An idea occurred to me."

"Oh yes?"

"It is said that the illegular forces consider that they have gained plestige, face as we say, by capturing this officer. The major understands?"

"Go on."

"In future, such a high lanking plisoner may be useful should things become less favourable."

Mayhew nodded.

"As hostage?"

Li bowed and smiled. Three of his front teeth were heavily stopped with gold.

"That is exactly so, Major Mayhew."

"But why have you come to me?"

Li suddenly stared at the floor. He gave the impression of being highly disconcerted by what he had come to say. Without once looking at Mayhew, he remarked: "It has come to my notice that Mrs. Little is not so unacquainted with you as it would seem."

MAYHEW half rose in his chair, hands grasping the arms of the chair so tightly that the veins knotted under the skin.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"The house-boy who attends to Captain and Mrs. Little is blother to a confidential clerk in my employ. He heard certain things this morning and, as a boy with intelligence, passed them on to his blother. Also, Major Mayhew, I understand that certain photographs——"

Mayhew ran a hand over his forehead. Li glanced at them as they lay face downward on a table.

"Such things can be highly dangerous. It was partly this that gave me my idea. The Captain Little, in the past, unfortunately has not been altogether . . . wise."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"It is obvious that Mrs. Little has been a vely wealthy lady. Maybe her family?"

Despite himself, Mayhew nodded.

"But now," continued Li, "without doubt, like many other high-born families, reverses have come."

Mayhew thought of the dead baronet and wondered what the death duties had cost.

"Like many other ladies, Mrs. Little found it difficult to economize. The Captain is proud of her and did not wish to be thought ungenerous. The Captain has only his pay——"

"You know the devil of a lot."

"It is my business, Major. The Captain lived here before the war. It was not then considered unusual to have recourse to loans. I have been in the position to make certain advances——"

"How much?" Mayhew's voice was anxious.

"A not inconsiderable amount. It would take a wealthy man to cover them."

"And as hostage of the guerrillas you don't think Captain Little a very sound security?"

Li smiled, apologetically.

"Plecisely. Now while the illegular forces will not take a leward—no matter how big—they would accept a substitute. I had the good fortune, many years ago, to attend the famous university of Oxford. I studied psychology and poetry. One of your famous poets, Sir Philip Sidney, in a poem *The Bargain,* has one line that might make my point more clear: *By just exchange one for another given.*" Li made a faint gesture with his hands. "I am in the fortunate position to be able to counsel (*Continued on page* 58)

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the illegular forces to accept this compromise. A plisoner of an even more exalted lank than the captain of police would not be unwelcome."

Mayhew stroked his moustache with fingers that for all their sinewy strength suddenly shook alarmingly.

"The ploblem is not easy?" Li remarked.

"What assurance have I that this is not some damnable trick? Little is very likely dead."

LI shook his head. "On the contrary, I assure you. When it was first observed that in the excitement of the chase the tullet of the first police car was open for better observation, a vely lapid search was made in case any of the occupants had been thlown clear. The Captain Little had this good fortune. I have seen him with my own eyes."

Mayhew bit his lower lip. "How would this exchange be made . . . if I agreed?"

"I would take you in my car to a certain place tonight."

"By God," Mayhew exclaimed, "you came sure of yourself."

"I flatter myself as a student of human nature," Li replied, with a certain pride.

"I have only your assurance—" Mayhew began, but before he could continue Li raised one small white hand.

"My sentiments," he said, bowing gravely in Mayhew's direction, "are not involved, much as I appleciate sentiments in others. It is only my good business allangements that are. I did not flatter myself that you should tlust me." .He clapped hands together suddenly and there was a curious fluted note in the soft sound.

A woman in Chinese dress and a boy of about twelve stood in the doorway.

"This is my son," Li said quietly. "He is my only son although there are several daughters. He shall remain, as you called it earlier, as hostage. It will be necessary for us to call at the ballacks to be given a pass and the boy can wait until the Captain Little is back."

Li opened the brief case and produced certain documents, a certificate of the boy's birth, a passport and Mayhew nodded.

"All right," Mayhew said.

A car, with a Malay chauffeur, was waiting outside Mayhew's bungalow. The Chinese woman and the boy got in and Li waited for Mayhew.

Mayhew spoke to the duty officer: "I'm going out with this man Li. There's a faint hope that we may be able to get hold of Little. Don't have me tailed. It's a delicate job. Give me a couple of hours before you contact higher authority. The Chink is leaving his wife and son behind as security."

The car passed through a check-post three miles out of the town and the road ahead was then in darkness. Li drew the curtains of the car.

"A measure of seculity," he said.

Mayhew estimated that they must have covered at least twenty miles, most of it over bumping, rough track, before the car stopped.

"Please wait inside, Major Mayhew," Li said.

He was gone for some time. After possibly half an hour, Mayhew heard Chinese voices and the door of the car was opened. In the light of a torch he distinguished Little. A dirty bandage was tied round his head, his uniform was torn and soiled. Little blinked as the lights inside the car were switched on.

"Mayhew!" he exclaimed.

Before anything further could be said, Li put his head into the car.

"Will you come this way please Major Mayhew?"

Mayhew climbed out. A ring of men were about the car. Several held rifles at the ready and one man stood, a sub-machine gun cradled in his arms.

LITTLE called out again but Mayhew felt hands laid on him and he was hustled away. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Li step into the car, which turned and quickly drove away. For an instant, he leant his weight against his captors, watching the headlights grow smaller and smaller. Suddenly a bend hid the car entirely from his sight. There was no sound except an appalling din of cicadas and insects of the night and the heavy breathing of the men about him. The stench of unwashed human flesh was unpleasant in Mayhew's nostrils. . . .

The duty officer at the barracks received Li and Little with a certain surprise.

"Where is Major Mayhew?" he demanded.

The Bargain

"Major Mayhew velly gallantly has taken the Captain Little's place," Li said softly.

"You are under arrest," the duty officer said.

Li shrugged his shoulders.

Little stood beside the two men, his round, cherubic face white and strained.

"I don't understand," he murmured. "Li would say nothing. What's all this mean?"

Li ignored the question. Turning to the duty officer, he remarked: "Major Mayhew and I made a bargain earlier this evening. Should you choose to keep me in allest, things might be made uncomfortable for the major."

HALF AN HOUR later Little, his wounds freshly dressed, having made a report, was driven to his bungalow in a police vehicle. It was almost two o'clock.

A police sergeant rang the bell. After some minutes it was opened by a servant, rubbing his eyes and yawning. He gave a cry of astonishment when he saw his master.

As Little went slowly up the steps, the door of a bedroom was opened and Joanna stared at him. There was a moment when nothing was said, then she flung herself at him.

"Oh Johnny. Johnny, my darling!"

With admirable discretion, the sergeant saluted and withdrew, closing the front door. The servant went back to bed.

Dazed, not yet certain of the full happenings, Little told his wife of the evening's events. He felt Joanna's arms stiffen about his neck before she released him and ran to the bedroom, flinging herself on a bed.

Mystified, he followed her. The back of one hand was against her mouth and her eyes appeared to be enormous. Tears ran down her cheeks, into the hollows about her mouth and she did nothing to stem them. For an instant they gazed at one another, an intolerable question and answer poised between them.

Then she spoke, her voice choked with sobs. The words made Little think that either the events of the night were issuing from a land of delirium or that he himself was insane. "My God, how he must have loved me."

END

Knit Two (*Continued from page 34*)

Pink Beaded Model

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 10th row until there are 133 (141, 147, 153) sts.**

Divide for Back Opening.—Next row.—Work 66 (70, 73, 76) sts., cast off 1 st., work to end.

Work on the last set of sts.

*** Work straight until sleeve edge measures 6 (6, 6¼, 6½) ins., ending at sleeve edge.

Shape Top Sleeve and Shoulder.—Cast off at beg. of next and alternate rows 2 sts. 14 (16, 17, 18) times, and 4 sts. 6 times.

Cast off the remaining 14 (14, 15, 16) sts. for back of neck.

Rejoin yarn to other side at centre back and follow instructions for first side from *** to end.

THE FRONT

Follow instructions for the back from ** to **.

Continue as follows:

Work straight until sleeve edges measure the same as those of back.

Shape Top Sleeves and Neck. Next row.—Cast off 2 sts., work 58 (62, 65, 68) sts., including the st. already on the needle, cast off 13 sts., work to end.

Work on the last set of sts.

Next row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

**** Now continuing to cast off 2 sts. on alternate rows at sleeve edge, cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows at neck edge 1 st. 4 (4, 5, 6) times, and then cast off 1 st. on every 4th row 4 times. Now keeping neck edge straight, continue to cast off on alternate rows at shoulder edge 2 sts. 2 (4, 4, 4) times, and 4 sts. 6 times.

Rejoin yarn to other side at neck edge and follow instructions for first side from **** to end.

MAKING UP.—Sew top sleeve and shoulder seams with narrow back-stitch. Commencing at neck edge, work 1 row of d.c. firmly down right side of back opening and up the left side.

Now work 5 rows of d.c. round neck edge, ending at right side of back opening, and then work 1 more row along back opening edges, making 4 small button loops on the right side. Work 2 rows of d.c. round sleeve edges. Sew side seams. Press lightly with hot iron and damp cloth. Sew on buttons.

END

Grey with Velvet Trimming

THE FRONT

Follow instructions for back from ** to **.

119th row.—Inc. 1, k. 11, * k. 4, inc. 1; rep. from * 7 times, k. 28, * inc. 1, k. 4; rep. from * 7 times, k. until 1 st. remains, inc. 1.

120th row.—K.

121st row.—K. 13, (c. 2 sts.) 24 times, k. 28, (c. 2 sts.) 24 times, k. 3.

122nd row.—K. 13, p. 48, k. 28, p. 48, k. 13.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Continuing in this patt. inc. at each end of next and every 6th row until sts. number 168, keeping the 3 centre panels the same width throughout, and adding the extra sts. to side panels.

Work 35 rows on 168 sts.

This completes front panels. Continue in garter st.

Inc. at each end of next and every 6th row for sleeves.

When 5 rows garter st. have been worked beyond 5th inc. (178 sts.), shape the neck thus:

Next row.—Inc. 1, k. 67, cast off 42, k. 66 (67 sts. now on needle after casting off), inc. 1.

Continue in garter st. on the last 69 sts., inc. at armhole end of every 6th row until sts. number 75.

Work 35 rows garter st. on these.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 4 sts. at armhole end of alternate rows until 15 sts. remain.

Cast off.

Rejoin wool at neck end of remaining 69 sts., and work in garter st., inc. at armhole end of every 6th row until there are 75 sts. Work 35 rows on these and shape shoulder as for right front.

MAKING UP.—Join shoulder and side seams. Press jumper well on wrong side under a damp cloth. Bind neck, sleeves and lower edge with ribbon velvet.

END

It all started with one cylinder

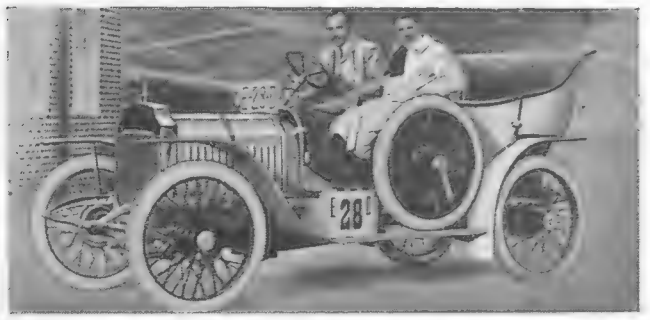
1903—First Vauxhall Ever Offered for Sale
Single cylinder, 4″ x 4¾″, horizontal stroke. Tiller steering. No reverse

Startled citizens were still stroking their chins over the horseless carriage, and saying it would never replace the horse, when the first Vauxhall puttered on to the road. What a wildly daring departure for a respectable firm of marine engineers! And what a long way Vauxhalls have travelled in the fifty years since!

Before long Vauxhalls were beating all comers for reliability and speed. In 1908 a 20 hp Vauxhall won the 2,000 Mile RAC Trial coupled with the Scottish Reliability Trials. In 1911 four 16 hp world's records were broken. In 1912 a new 20 hp world's record of 97.15 mph over 5 miles was set up. In 1913 the fabulous 30/98 Vauxhall, *the sports car of sports cars* was introduced. In the 1914 war the Vauxhall 25 was the No. 1 staff car. It took King George V as near the front line as a car could go.

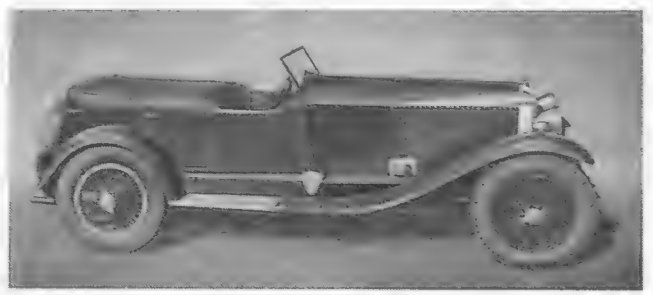
Between the wars, Vauxhall set new conceptions of motoring value by marrying economy and performance. The Cadet, the " Light Six ", the 10 hp made motorists of pedestrians in tens of thousands.

Today Vauxhall lead the way with the new Wyvern and Velox, so big and handsome, so powerful, inexpensive and economical, that the designer of that first single-cylinder tiller-steered marvel might well gasp at the revolution he began.



1908—Reliability 45 Years Ago! In the RAC and Scottish Reliability Trials this 20 hp Vauxhall became the world's first car to complete 2,000 miles without one involuntary stop

1910—First 20 hp Car to Beat 100 mph
was this Vauxhall which, at Brooklands, flashed over the flying half-mile at 100.08 mph



1920—The Fabulous Vauxhall 30/98—" One of the greatest British high performance cars of all time ", winner of innumerable trophies. And still winning today in vintage car events

And Today—The six cylinder, spacious, comfortable, reliable Vauxhall Velox, an 80 mph high performance car—which combines economy with luxury. Price £535, plus £224.0.10 P.T. The 4 cyl. Wyvern £495, plus £207.7.6 P.T.

Vauxhall Motors Limited
Luton, Beds.

October Reading (*Continued from page 38*)

NOW a serious, significant book—significant because its story, of the rise and influence of the Mountbatten family, has ancestral bearing on our future sovereigns. In **"Manifest Destiny"** (Cassell, 15s.) Brian Connell gives biographical profiles of Prince Louis of Battenberg, Sir Ernest Cassel, his granddaughter Countess Mountbatten of Burma, Earl Mountbatten, and the Earl's nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh. Cassel's career was the least formal. Humbly born, he became dominant in Edwardian society, an intimate friend of Edward VII, renowned for his industrial enterprises, art collection, charitable bequests, and a hospitality which impelled him to hire whole Nile flotillas and ocean liners for his guests. I found this book a deeply interesting study.

THE BIDOU INHERITANCE established Edith de Born as a novelist of artistic integrity. **"Daughter Of The House"** (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.) confirms her rare qualities. It concerns a Flemish shipowner, his relations with an orphaned niece whom he alienates and drives into an unhappy marriage, then with his housekeeper's illegitimate daughter, whom he adopts and loves dotingly until his death leaves her lonely, bereft, near suicide. The characterization is acutely sensitive, the style quiet, sure, unstrained, almost somnambulist. It is a pleasure to point readers to a writer of such distinction.

FROM *The Cruel Sea* Nicholas Monsarrat passes to a cruel racket in his new novel, **"The Story Of Esther Costello"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) : the exploitation of a young blind, deaf and dumb girl by an American woman who befriends her out of pity, then runs her as a world-wide moneymaking stunt, ostensibly for charity. What is to happen when the shock of seduction restores her faculties? Go on acting the part for the sake of the "cause" or expose the racket? Death—which may be murder—intervenes ; the "good work" goes on. Not a pleasant story, but a powerfully dramatic, ironic one.

GIPSIES and Cockneys in the hop-gardens provide the background to Rupert Croft-Cooke's **"Harvest Moon"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Burly farmer David takes on three outsiders for the hopping ; one is a petty crook who makes a pass at a young gipsy, Jezebel, and the outcome is murder, or at least manslaughter. Nice goings-on for the hopping, I must say, but plenty for the good old regulars to natter about, back in Lambeth. "Hoppers' Moon" would be a better title.

AN R.A.F. flight-lieutenant at a research institute who rebels against bacteriological warfare work on humanitarian grounds, skips off to Italy, and finds himself implicated

"The first university in Jutland"—illustration from "We Go To Denmark"

with Communists and a Pontecorvo type fleeing Russiawards from the British police . . . he's asking for trouble—and gets it in James Wellard's **"Summer At The Castle"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Obviously, the castle was made for lovers, not fellow-travellers, and there is a tender romance with the baron's fair daughter. Alas, politics must come barging in to step-up drama, even in this Italian Eden. No vineyard, no cypress, these days, seems safe from the Marxian serpent.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES needs no commendation. A solid, well-built story with authentic background always, this time about a young scion of a Mississipp plantation who joins the U.S. forces in France, visits French relatives at their chateau, falls in love, but comes up against the traditional prejudices of the girl's titled family. **"Larry Vincent"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) will leave the Keyes addict well satisfied yet ready for more.

ANOTHER U.S. story, Niven Busch's **"The Hate Merchant"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), presents a charlatan preacher who turns to politics and race-problems and achieves power through the gospel of hate. It is a ruthless study of a type Sinclair Lewis has treated, though in a different way.

ALAN, a young civil servant, half Russian by birth, married to a Russian, is a victim of the Communist bogy, plus a theft scandal, in Christopher Dilke's **"The Guardian"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.). Villain of the piece is his minister, Lilleywhite in name but not morals, who favours seduction, strip-poker parties, and ends up in an unsavoury court-case, expertly presented. Plot improbable, writing good.

MARGARET TROUNCER'S **"Go, Lovely Rose"** (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) : Revised reprint of 1941 novel telling love story of Russian Princess Anastasia which this journal called an "artistic triumph."

OTHER books for your list: **"His Brother's Keeper,"** by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Checkmate To Destiny,"** by Francis d'Autheville (Harvill Press, 9s. 6d.). **"The Rod Of Anger,"** by Derrick Nabarro (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). **"The Colour Of The Glass,"** by Rose Thurburn (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Birth Of A Dark Soul,"** by Brian T. Cleeve (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.). **"Music Perhaps,"** by Kitty Barne (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.). **"Saga Of The Sea,"** a collection of three of Sabatini's magnificent historical sea novels, by Rafael Sabatini (Hutchinson, 15s.). **"The Georgian House,"** a third volume in the collected edition of novels, by Frank Swinnerton (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

END

Carnation (*Continued from page 27*)

drainage they love. If carnations are to be grown year after year in the same strip of land, it is necessary to add some virgin loam every three years or so because you can't grow these plants in the same bed indefinitely without changing the soil. Give them a nice open position with plenty of sun and they will do well. The plants appreciate "good food" so apply a fish manure with a five per cent potash content at 2 oz. to the square yard once every four weeks during the growing season, say from the end of April to the beginning of September. Don't forget to add lime as a top dressing, because the plants love it. It's best to apply this after the fish manure has been raked in at, say, 7 oz. to the square yard.

Buy short, sturdy, firm-leaved specimens from the nurseryman, and when the plants arrive stand the ball of soil of each one in a bucket containing a little water, and then in half an hour or so, plant with a trowel in a hole which will receive the plant comfortably.

THERE is little to be done to border carnations, other than to tie the plants up or use those special galvanized rods with large rings attached, which can be put round the plants to keep all the stems upright. In the summer the lateral buds can be pinched off to allow the main bud to develop properly. In the early winter many of the elongated growths should be pruned back as these will not flower when the frosts arrive. Never attempt to protect border carnations with mulchings of straw or litter. Leave the plants exposed to the air and wind and they will keep hardy and dry.

There are many varieties of border carnations to choose from but I should like to recommend *Ebor*, a chocolate flaked with red ; this one is on the dwarf side; *Border Fancy*, a white flecked with red—large flowers; *Beauty of Cambridge*, a strong, erect pale yellow; *Oakfield Clove*, a rich glowing crimson with a gorgeous perfume; *Lavender Clove*, a scented heliotrope; *Madonna*, a camellia clear white, and *W. H Brooks*, a sulphur yellow, edged and pencilled with bright red.

Nothing could be hardier than the cottage carnation. They stand up to almost any frost, put up with rain galore, they are indifferent to heavy snow, and go on flowering for a very long time.

In the cottage gardens of years ago, the countryfolk used to grow carnations in mixed borders and treat them just like any other plant. They never thought of them as fussy or difficult. It is from such plants that the modern plants have evolved. Cottage carnations, when disbudded, produce flowers that one is not ashamed of putting into one's buttonhole ! They compete in loveliness with many of the glasshouse perpetual-flowering type, live on from year to year and are truly perennial.

Planted in a similar manner to the border carnations they can go in as close as 9 inches square. I have seen them round the edge of a bed at 9 inches apart, looking very happy indeed. They can be staked by pushing twiggy sticks in between the plants so that the stems may grow up naturally in between. Or they can be disbudded by pinching out the side buds as they appear, and thus leaving the top bud to grow to its fullest extent.

Do try *Cottage Gem*, a blush white flaked with crimson, *Cottage Orange* and *Orange Apricot* which is very hardy; *Cottage Primrose*, a really hardy dwarf erect yellow; *Cottage Mauve; Cottage White*, which is highly fragrant, and *Cottage Vivid*, a brilliant scarlet which I have found to be an excellent bedding plant.

END

This is Waxed leather

Feel it carefully, lovingly.
It has the patina of silver and the bloom of a nectarine. It is not painted, sprayed or touched-up; it is waxed to its own colour, clear and true. It has a gentle resilience, a give-and-take which makes it as comfortable new as old; its natural sheen and lustre are as beautiful old as new. It has been made, as it deserves, into the simplest and best of shoes . . .

Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB

—shoes with a sense of occasion

ALBURY	Red, teak or green calf.
OSBORNE	Walnut brown calf; also falcon grey or black suede.
ASHWICK	Teak or black smooth leather.
JESSICA	Hawthorn red, teak, flagship blue or black smooth leather; also available in black suede and calf or peat brown suede and calf.
POLDEN	Teak or black smooth leather.

Nearest shop? Write CLARKS, Dept. A2, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet

Better Be Hungry Than Cold (*Continued from page 41*)

initial expense, running costs and convenience, which includes the amount of labour called for.

In our cottage the choice lay between all electric and part electric, part solid fuel, with perhaps a little auxiliary oil heating. Main electricity was laid on, though power points are few and there is no cooker panel. Cooking and water heating had been done by the old-fashioned built-in range. Apart from its unprepossessing cast-iron appearance it obviously ate fuel, and I knew we should never come to terms.

Yet it certainly performed one function well—that of heating the largish, flagged-floor kitchen. The vision of a dust-free, all-electric workroom certainly had its attractions, but what about the bills? In a small town flat electric cooking and water heating have always seemed to me to hold their own quite well on grounds of cost. Here our demands would be greater as we would both be in all day and have more house guests. All the same, it was the heating question that turned the scale. Our kitchen will be lived in quite a lot, and will need continuous warmth. A fairly powerful electric fire would do the trick, but it wouldn't be cheap to run. After the first winter quarter's account had come in I could guess what would happen. We would begin to economize, which would mean not switching on and feeling horribly chilly. Besides, quite apart from the possibility of power cuts, "acts of God" can interfere with overhead cables. As our cottage is practically the last house "on the line," we should suffer if there were any voltage drops. Only a slim chance, perhaps, but added to the other doubts it had its weight. A mixed system seemed the prudent choice.

In my mind's eye I saw in the kitchen a new thermostatically controlled, insulated type of boiler that gives lashings of hot water and heats radiators, too. Some form of central heating has been my dream for ages. The question was, could we afford it? If not, what was the alternative?

LUCKILY, at this stage I decided on a day in London and a visit to the Building Centre in Store Street, off Tottenham Court Road. This bright, airy place, with its attractive modern décor and comfortable ground-floor reading lounge, provides a giant inquiry bureau and exhibition on every aspect of building, decorating and house fitting—and it's quite free.

In the sections dealing with solid fuel and electricity I saw a comprehensive range of equipment and was able to get straightforward answers to my queries on *running* as well as initial costs. The solid fuel expert was also helpful in giving an indication as to the kind of installation expenses likely. This is a tricky point. Putting in the stove or boiler and connecting radiators or a hot-water system may cost more than the equipment itself, depending on the amount of plumbing and "making good" necessary. Not knowing what you are in for until the people who are going to do the work have given a price is a nasty snag. However, the clear explanations and big coloured diagrams did give even me, pretty dim on mechanical matters, a useful idea of how various appliances function. This is more important than you think. When later the subject of the fire with back boiler to service radiators was mooted and Mr. X said: "That kind will need an indirect cylinder" meaning "and up will go the price," I was able to point out that as the boiler wouldn't be used for hot-water supply, too, it would work on a closed circuit and need only a small tank for topping up!

I left the Building Centre armed with leaflets and with my head buzzing with details. It wouldn't be honest to say that our problems were solved, but we were more knowledgeable as to possibilities.

My dream of the insulated boiler giving central heating had to be abandoned. On going into working costs and performance it was clear that this appliance was more powerful than we needed or could justify. Also the efficient insulation made it doubtfully effective in heating such a kitchen as ours.

We considered an "ordinary" small boiler, but came out in favour of a dual-purpose water heater and cooker. Mind you, I admit to some qualms as to my skill at coping with a stove that has to be regulated by "spin wheel and damper" instead of by tap or switch, but the advantages seem so real that I am game to learn.

For one thing, thanks to my visit to the Women's Advisory Council on Solid Fuel (South Molton Street, London, W.1), I know what is involved. The very nice girl in charge showed me the working instructions for the appliance in question and together we went over every detail. This is a good precaution before taking the plunge in buying unfamiliar equipment. Whereas the descriptive leaflet may gaily state: "three baths a day and plenty of hot water," the working instructions sternly add: "if the tank is well lagged and the baths are spaced," or when you read "all your baking done to perfection" it's just as well to know that cakes get more evenly browned if turned, as one side of the oven gets hotter than the other!

ADVANTAGES of the cooker-water-heater are that it uses little if any more fuel, or makes any more work, than an independent boiler, but yet does the cooking, too. And it keeps the kitchen cosy. Together with a small electric cooker for summer use the outlay would be only some £15 more than for a large electric cooker and conventional small boiler—and we ought to get that back quite soon through lower running costs. In fact, in our case the difference works out rather less as the small cooker, with thermostatically controlled oven, will work from a 15-amp point, thus obviating the need for additional wiring for a cooker panel. Finally, it means the safety insurance of alternative cooking methods.

But we were still without what I longed for; some background heating in the bedrooms. Electric tubular heaters, convector heaters and oil-filled radiators all sounded superb, but would we dare to run them as much as we liked? At a few pence an hour they seem so cheap, yet the hours and pence mount up alarmingly. No, as you will have gathered from my earlier references to the sitting-room "continuous burning fire with back boiler servicing radiators" we came to the conclusion that this would be our best bet. Its strong point is that once you have a good fire going the radiators function for no extra cost at all. They (or rather the boiler) make use of heat that would otherwise go up the chimney. Of course, when the fire is shut down, as during the night, the radiators will cool off, but that normally doesn't matter.

For the emergency, or those in between seasons when a coal fire isn't really wanted, we've planned to have portable electric heaters; one a radiant type; one a convector or air warmer that will be particularly useful for the sitting- or dining-rooms. The only problem still unsolved is that of the bathroom. A hot towel rail run from the back boiler would be uneconomic because of the length of the pipe run necessary. An electric type would be fine, but would cost about twice as much to buy as a small radiant fire fixed high on the wall for safety. We haven't quite decided because there is a further alternative; a portable oil radiator, blissfully cheap to run and giving as much heat as a towel-rail-cum-radiator. The drawback lies in the price. You see, we haven't yet had Mr. X's estimate for installing the thrifty sitting-room fire and the kitchen all-purpose machine, so although I do "know my own mind" as far as what I would *like* is concerned, nothing is quite settled—yet!

APPLIANCES REFERRED TO

The Rayburn No. 3, continuous-burning, insulated solid fuel cooker and water heater, is an improved new model with two real advantages over the No. 2 model to which it is exactly similar in size and other details. First, the riddling is dustfree, being done without opening ashpit or firebox doors, and next, an insulating cover on the hot plate keeps heat in and saves fuel. Baking oven with thermometer also warming oven. Mottled cream and black vitreous enamel finish. Complete with plate rack and towel rail. Burns coke, anthracite, coal or even wood or peat. £52 10s.

The Brook Continuous Burning Open Fire with back boiler, suitable for rooms up to 1,500 cu. ft. With indirect cylinder will provide generous hot water supplies or a smaller amount of hot water and service one or two radiators. Can also be adapted to heat 80 sq. ft. of radiating surface including pipes, but no hot water. About £10 according to finish.

The New Agamatic Boiler—supremely efficient, free-standing, *automatic* domestic water heater with thermostatically controlled draught. Will service 40-gallon hot water storage tank and 100 sq. ft. of radiating surface including unlagged pipes, or 200 sq. ft. of radiators and no hot water. Cream coloured vitreous enamel. £50.

Agamatic 25/40 Junior Model gives up to four baths an hour and a hot towel rail but *no* radiators. £29.

END

Siege Of Winter (*Continued from page 39*)

and paste, now is the time to start your own scrapbook, with an eye on pet subjects, idiosyncratic fads and foibles. If stage struck, ignore Noël Coward's advice* and become your own theatre manager; direct and star in your own productions with the connivance of Pollock and Son of Clerkenwell, famous makers of model theatres since last century.

In short—the world is full of such a number of things that once you have chosen and mounted your own hobby horse even the longest winter evening will pass like a flash!

The list below may help you to make a start on your chosen winter pastime:

Dressmaking. Most technical colleges include in their syllabus beginners' and advanced courses for evening students.

Patchwork Quilts. See *American Quilts And Coverlets*, by Florence Peto, published by Max Parrish & Co.

Template, master metal pattern, made to order by The Needlewoman, 146 Regent Street, W.1.

For Inspiration—See fine examples of quilts at Heal's, Tottenham Court Road.

Rug Making. See Dryad Leaflets No. 85 and No. 130 on Rug Weaving and Rug Making on Canvas. Both 9d. Available from Dryad Ltd., 22 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Also August issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE.

Rush Baskets and Mats. Dryad Leaflet No. 112. (9d.)

Raffia Work. Dryad Press. (3s.)

Lampshades. Wire frames and materials from most big stores. See Dryad Leaflet No. 132.

Soft Toys. See Dryad Press *Dressed Soft Toys*, by Edith Moody. (4s.)

Doll Making. Dryad Leaflet No. 123. Price 9d.

Cacti. Write to: The National Cactus Society, Tree Tops, Church Lane, Adel, Leeds, 6, for information and lists.

Lino-cuts. See Dryad Leaflet No. 143. Price 9d.

Languages. Write Linguaphone Language Institute, 209 Regent Street, W.1, for full particulars.

Scrapbooks. Marlowe Galleries, 40 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1.

Miniature Theatres. Benjamin Pollock, Ltd., 1 John Adam Street, Adelphi.

* "Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington." A good start for a collection of wicked, witty gramophone records

END

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A NATURAL
BEAUTY PROCESS

Biologically nearest to your own skin

EGO-syl is not a cream, lotion or cosmetic, but a natural process to beauty, containing all the essential active principles combining dermal hormones and assimilable protein. It is an active tissue builder which, by helping nature's work, maintains youthful skin and protects the complexion.

Your skin is constantly renewing itself. After the age of 25 the process begins to slow down, and nature needs some help to keep your complexion fresh and young. This help is given by natural means in EGO-syl.

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...it's a Susan Small world!

Susan Small's cocktail two-piece in velvet, model 1213. Rhinestone-studded flowers in guipure grace the neckline; the fitted jacket has attractive collar and cuffs of white fur. In sizes 10, 12, 14; colours: black, amethyst, green, claret, deep blue, brown.

For name and address of your nearest stockist write to

Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only) 76 Wells Street, London, W.1

Member of the London Model House Group

Wine And Women (*Continued from page 51*)

Vintages are a lot less important here. I defy ninety-five per cent of wine drinkers to tell a vintage champagne from a non-vintage one. But you can tell the brands apart.

In Britain and America the fashion is for very dry champagnes, called on the label "Brut" or "Extra Dry." The French mostly export these and themselves drink something less like soda water. Oddly enough some of the best champagnes have little sale in Britain. Not long ago I tried to buy a favourite brand of champagne at a fashionable wine merchants and was told it was not stocked. I expressed surprise as it is one of the best. The wine merchant agreed but said there was no sale for it because the bottle had a black foil. I asked him if the producers had been told of this. He replied : "Yes, but they say they make wine, not bottles."

Moët et Chandon, Irroy and Krug are three of the finest of the champagnes. You will not go wrong with any of those. If you are going to give your guests wine for dinner, do *not* serve them cocktails first. Cocktails vitiate anyone's palate. Give them either sherry or some white Cinzano vermouth with a half slice of lemon and a block of ice in it. The white vermouths are not as sweet as the red ones, but not as dry as the French vermouth. If you like you can mix the white Italian with French.

"Tio Pepe" is the name of the driest sherry, which I personally dislike. Although many people pretend to a preference for very dry sherry, they sometimes do so because it is regarded as "correct." A medium sherry will suit most people. Sherry is a good pre-dinner drink because it is the only wine with which you can smoke without ruining the taste.

For dinner parties, then, at which you expect discriminating guests offer a decent medium dry sherry and/or a white Cinzano vermouth.

Thereafter, in terms of white wines, one of the white burgundies—e.g. Batard, Montrachet, a Pouilly-Fuissé or Pouilly-Fumé of 1945, 1947 or 1949. In terms of red wine, either a reputable claret of 1947 or 1949 or a burgundy of 1945. Take your choice of liqueurs or better still offer a good brandy.

For your own private and less expensive pleasure try, first of all, some of the Spanish red wines from Soho, or if you can get it, a Chilean burgundy. "Côte du Rhone" is an inexpensive red wine on which to graduate after a bout of Spanish or Chilean. Or try a Macon or a Beaujolais, and don't be bamboozled into buying any Beaujolais except last year's. Beaujolais should always be drunk in the year after it is made.

After that, experiment with a cheap claret and compare it to the heavier wines. Don't buy Chilean claret. Although the Chilean burgundy is good, the claret is very poor stuff. If you find you prefer the lighter wine, go ahead and buy a slightly better one.

It is only by tasting yourself that you can find out what best suits your palate and learn about wine in general.

Next try a white Bordeaux. There is a cheap white Bordeaux available in large quantities in London called "Entre Deux Mers." This is a wine that comes from the land lying between the two rivers at Bordeaux—hence its name, "Between two Seas." It varies in price from about 6s. 6d. to 10s., and it varies in quality, too. Every wine merchant seems to have it in a different grade and at a different price. Some of it is delicious, some quite poor. Shop around until you find one you like. The best I found costs 8s. 6d. a bottle. The worst—10s.

When you've sampled this, taste a white burgundy. Generally speaking you can forget all about vintage years until you begin to want to taste class wines. Then follow the guide I've given you—and, for burgundies, a good shipper.

Don't read books about wine yet. They will only confuse you. Don't listen to people who tell you what is "correct." Drink what you like the taste of.

KEEP sweeter wines until the sweet or dessert. Properly speaking champagne, too, should be kept until the sweet. Sauterne and port should come with the fruit and nuts. If you have a good wine and a not-so-good wine, serve the not-so-good wine first. The good one will taste even better by comparison. If you can afford port, be sure to serve some cheese to go with it. They are delicious together. And if you have a green cheese—Gorgonzola, Roquefort, Danish Blue—and can spare the butter, mash the cheese and butter together and see how good it is.

Dinner parties generally tend to get over-elaborate. To my mind three courses and cheese is ample. A perfect meal causing the minimum of fuss and cooking could consist of either hors d'oeuvre, set out on a huge dish and having plenty of variety—salami, hard-boiled eggs in fresh mayonnaise, sardines, tomato, pimento, olives, anchovies, ham—or lobster cocktails; chicken, duck, or meat and cheese and sweet. If you want to get really fancy you could insert a dish like a cheese tart or some form of fish before the meat.

The British are fond of sweets. On the Continent they are rarely served or consist merely of fancy pastry, which, incidentally, makes an excellent sweet. In France the cheese is always served before the sweet and eaten breadless with a knife and fork. This, too, I find a good idea.

With such a meal you could either drink one wine all through—or you could serve a white burgundy or Bordeaux with the hors d'oeuvre and the entrée, and a red burgundy or claret with the meat. On very special occasions you could add a bottle of champagne with the sweet. Allow at least half a bottle of wine for each guest—but I don't mean half a bottle of each wine. Two bottles should serve four guests. If you are disposed to be generous keep an extra one handy.

END

"The Knot Of Peace . . ." (*Continued from page 16*)

less oxygen, and therefore throws less work on the heart, the brain and circulatory system. Temperature is still low on waking, but rises steadily until the peak of a sense of energy is reached.

Making a temperature chart oneself can be misleading, for the temperature can be made to rise instead of fall by the excitement of a party, energetic work, or stimulants in the shape of food and drink. With professional recognition of the artificial jerks in the natural downward curve the ideal time for retiring is ascertainable.

Without this medical aid, the sufferer might well try altering his bedtime by twenty minutes or so and see the result. There should be a good clue in a feeling of relaxation and "woolly thinking."

Warmth, training in relaxation, and gentle exercise can all be as effective as drugs, and without their dangers. Pre-bed activities must be childishly simple. Exercises must not be involved so that the brain has to work as well as the body. There should be no counting or timing. Mental relaxation is an elusive thing to many people in this neurotic age. Any mental recreation must be much simpler than a daytime one. An easy crossword may be ideal, and a difficult one a certain enemy of sleep. A book of poems will possibly make the eyelids heavy after six pages; a detective story cause restless wondering half the night even if the book is laid aside. A tepid bath is usually good, but a hot or nearly cold one can wreck that temperature curve completely.

The bedtime drink is largely a psychological aid. In some countries coffee is regarded as the perfect soporific; in others tea. Our grandparents had a strong belief in the sleep-inducing qualities of whisky or rum; today most people are ready to blame a sleepless night on the drink they had too late in the evening. One thing is certain : the slow sipping of a drink of any kind is a relaxing habit.

Believe, if you will, that food will keep you awake, but remember that lack of food will almost certainly start the body waking up after the stomach has been empty for four hours. Milk is as good a bedtime food as any. The calcium in it reduces nervous tension, and its solidified form in the stomach keeps the digestive system happy for many hours.

Now let me tell you of the success which simple methods achieved in the case of two chronic cases among my patients. One was a middle-aged woman. She had worried so much about sleep that she confessed that she was resorting to placing the foot of the bed to the East (other patients have told me the secret is to have it West, North or South !), and she was valiantly trying to lie on her right side, as a friend said it was the only posture for good sleep.

The real trouble was noise and light—the greatest enemies of all to a good night. Electrical tests indicate that even babies partially wake at even familiar noises and lights.

My patient's flat overlooked a main road and a crossing. Cars swinging from a right-hand road sent a beam of light across her ceiling. Engine noises made her jerk spasmodically 135 times when sleeping under a narcotic for four hours, when they awoke her.

I persuaded her to exchange her flat for a less imposing one at the back of the building. I told her to keep her curtains drawn, to sleep with a very loose nightdress (and in warm weather without any clothing at all); I promised her that she would sleep well in future—and she did.

My second case was that of a business man. He used to boast to his colleagues that he would discuss the problem in hand "after he had slept on it." Unfortunately he did not sleep. I saw a memo pad on the bedside table on which he used to jot down ideas to pass the sleepless hours. He told me that he would have often gone downstairs to work but was afraid of disturbing his wife sleeping beside him.

He sleeps a minimum of five hours now because he has not only left the memo pad at his office, but the problems he worked out on it on the business desk as well. And he has installed twin beds.

It is a fact that adults sleep best in a bed of their own, certainly if the double bed is merely the standard 4 ft. 6 in. affair of modern Britain, which gives two people of about 1 ft. 10 in. across the shoulders a margin of 8 in. to spare. One or other of the partners is bound to worry about disturbing the other. The body is held rigid, there is an attempt to prevent the usual fifteen minute changes of position—and sleep gives up its battle for its rights.

It was, of course, of no use to leave a vacuum where business matters once occupied my patient's mind. I persuaded him to take a more active interest in his favourite recreation—golf. He became chairman of the social committee, an easy, simple task for a man of his calibre. But pondering over the trifling problems of dances, tournaments, and so on was just the sort of gentle pre-sleep thinking he needed.

If you don't sleep too well don't worry about it, or you will soon be sleeping badly. Probably you sleep far more than you think. People who moan that they have heard the church clock striking every hour from midnight to seven are speaking the truth, but implying a falsehood. During many of those hours they heard the chimes while soundly asleep.

END

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They Work Unseen (*Continued from page 45*)

restrictions of the war years, designers were adventuring in new directions. The first samples of furniture with a characteristic lightness and mobility were being shown. Furnishing fabrics were mixing colours in daringly different ways from the prewar patterns. It was all rather exciting, but full of pitfalls, too. Nothing could have been easier for an enthusiastic novice than to go baldheaded for the "new line" and produce an effect that might be original or "rather fun," but far too stark and set to be happily liveable-in. Instead, using mainly contemporary pieces but with a few antique etceteras, a cherished picture or two, some china and "bits" collected over the years, she contrived a home that had both character and charm.

Friends asked her advice. The interior-decorator-wife of a famous architect invited her to assist in a furnishing scheme for a government show house. Within a year or two she was working on her own for the Council of Industrial Design, planning rooms and home interiors for exhibitions all over the country. Other clients came, also, who admired the taste of this highly intelligent but undiploma'd girl.

Yes, in interior decorating as in social science she had passed no examinations, but that doesn't mean her effects are obtained by happy intuition! Like all creative workers she gets flashes of inspiration, but hard detail work is the basis. First she had to learn scale drawing. Having an architect husband helped here. Then the background knowledge of the craft had to be mastered. The history of furniture, how it is made; what is good, and bad, and why. The same with carpets and fabrics. And because new techniques, materials and styles are constantly being experimented with, she has to keep abreast of all contemporary development. The regular study of trade and technical papers alone takes hours each week. Finally, nearly all her schemes are done to a strict budget, so she has to know where and how to shop, what corners can be cut and improvisations made.

"No, I don't find working to price cramping," she said. "I'm too used to it, and after all, it's what we all have to do every day, isn't it? I always people my show house with a 'real' family and then try to work out their problems in a way that will make them feel happy and at home in it. Nothing is more grim than a room that has to be arranged just so or everything looks wrong. One should be able to move chairs around and be comfortable, and a little untidy."

ONE reason why so many of us don't succeed in getting the effect we have in mind is that we don't take enough trouble, Mrs. Pattrick thinks. When she is doing a room she collects samples and patterns of everything—wallpapers, paint, fabrics, floor covering—and then brings them to her own home and "lives" with them a bit. "I stick a wallpaper up over the mantelpiece and after a week I know whether it is right or whether it would drive me mad," she says, "and it's the same with colours. Furnishings should be a background. You don't want something so obtrusive in itself that it will make you fade into insignificance. One can always get colour with flowers or bits of nonsense that can be changed when one is tired of them."

Her advice is to spend most proportionately on bedding, and then upholstery. She likes the clean-lined, smaller easy chairs and settees with their tapering legs and wooden arms because they make the most of space and don't cut up a room so much. Choose white, not cream, paint for sparkle, she says and don't think you must stick slavishly to one style or period. Have a "little of what you fancy," even if other people consider it awful! Some of her "fancies" that have been enthusiastically adopted by those of us who have admired her rooms are indoor "growing greenery," wicker and metal wire work for lampshades, plant pot holders, magazine racks and other etceteras and the use of "hobby material" (she herself is very fond of her cases of butterflies) for decoration.

HOBBIES, in the widest sense of the word—the things people enjoy in their spare time—are very much the business of Jacqueline Kennish, the friendly, fair-haired editor of television's famous "*Leisure And Pleasure*" hour. For with her sensitivity to the "feeling in the air" which is the hallmark of the good journalist, she is constantly thinking what new personalities, fresh things to do or learn, and interesting topics and features we should like to be introduced to *now*.

All editors, even if their papers are familiar to the public, play a largely anonymous part. The contributors take the limelight. This is very right, yet any good newspaper or, magazine, radio or television programme bears the imprint of the personality of the "conductor," as Charles Dickens styled himself when editor. His or her job is not only choice, planning and balancing, but inspiration, too. In television there is no formal script that can be "subbed" or amended. Instead, the editor, in collaboration with the commentator, if any (in "*Leisure And Pleasure*," Jacqueline Kennish and the invaluable Jeanne Heal work closely together) must put contributors (for whom the essential quality is sincerity), so much at their ease that they give of their best at the crucial moment of transmission.

Mrs. Kennish has had five years' experience in television as producer and editor, but it was as an ordinary reporter that she learnt the fundamentals of her job.

She started on a small but highly thought of paper for teachers, and declares she owes to its editor, "a wonderful person," her appreciation of the importance of children as teachers. "One learns so much from them," she says, thinking of others besides her eight-year-old daughter, "and we're so often unfair, expecting a far higher standard of behaviour from them, in some ways at least, than we do from ourselves." You sense her integrity from the seriousness with which she speaks.

Her education was next broadened by a spell on a mass circulation women's weekly and then, when the bombs were falling on London, she became correspondent for a famous American news-magazine. "Going out to find 'stories' from the most unlikely material taught me to concentrate on the job of the moment," she said. "If one tried hard enough, one could always find something there. It's the same with people, isn't it?" she went on. "Everyone has one good story. It just needs patience and understanding to get it out."

I thought how well she had summed up her job—and herself. Her cultured mind, wide sympathies and lively interest in what is going on in half a dozen spheres would not alone enable her to offer, week after week, to "*Leisure And Pleasure's*" wide audience such a happy blend of diversion, relaxation and mental stimulation. The human touch, the intense interest in what the individual has to give, or needs, is the alchemy that breathes life into it all, and is, at bottom, the secret of her success.

END

The Racehorse Hypnotist (*Continued from page 12*)

he said. He wanted a big race, and he soon found one. He worked out that in the Gold Cup at Ascot, apart from the favourite, Snackbar (by Fairy Toast out of Moll Flanders) there were only two horses that could win. If I could be certain of fixing Snackbar he would put an ante-post bet on Stern Light and Fanciful.

You see, the advantage of his plan was this. Inasmuch as Snackbar was a red-hot favourite, we'd get good odds on the other two. Once we'd got our bets on it didn't matter what happened to Snackbar so long as he didn't win. He needn't even reach the course. Our odds were fixed. That's what an ante-post bet means, you see.

Well, like a fool I agreed to Wing's plan, and the next day he turned up in triumph.

"We've got our bets on at wonderful odds," he said. "For all I care now you can put Snackbar out for the season. In fact, it would be safer if you did."

So I determined to send Snackbar into a deep trance. The trouble was I couldn't get near him. Our recent operations had convinced the racing world that there was an expert dope gang at work using some hitherto unknown drug. Favourites were now closely guarded, and it was only eight days before the race.

I was hustled off when I tried to approach him on his way to the gallops at Newmarket where he was being trained. I was positively threatened when they caught me near his loose box. I had a terrible week, getting up at five every morning for those wretched gallops, hanging about outside the training stables, being nagged at by Wing and Davies. My nerves were torn to shreds.

The race was on Thursday. On Wednesday morning I caught his left eye on the Heath, but it wasn't effective. That evening I had to tell my partners that so far I'd failed. You wouldn't have believed that two grown-up men could carry on so.

"Do you realize we've three thousand at stake?" Wing shouted.

"Three whole thousand," Davies said, biting his nails.

"You're going to hypnotize that horse if it kills you," Wing said.

The next morning was a nightmare. At dawn they rushed me down to the stables. Their idea was that I should operate while Snackbar was being put into the horse-box that would carry him down to Ascot. After I'd hung about for an hour a stable boy spotted me. He shouted out something, and immediately two very big men made a dash at me. I've never run so fast in my life. I was still out of breath when Wing and Davies drove up in a Daimler they'd hired for the day.

"It's too late," Wing said. "The horse-box is on its way. Quick. Jump in. You'll have to operate on the course."

"What about clothes?" Davies asked as we drove flat out down the Great North Road. "He can't get into the paddock in that suit."

"We'll fix him up in London," Wing said. "Don't worry me."

The race was at three forty-five. At twenty past three there I was in the paddock in a top hat and tails like the rest of the people. And I felt so nervous I thought I would faint. When number eight was led in I thought I'd die. Number eight was Snackbar, and he was wearing blinkers. There was nothing for it. I had to stand directly in front of him. So I jumped over the rails and ran straight up to him. It was only then I saw he'd got a wall eye—just before the police grabbed me.

The lorry driver finished his bitter. "And I suppose you then turned into Greta Garbo," he said scornfully.

The little man looked at him crossly.

"You don't believe my story?" he asked coldly.

"What do you take me for? I wasn't born yesterday," the lorry driver snorted.

"You don't believe I'm a hypnotist?"

"If you're a hypnotist, I'm the King of Egypt. I've heard unlikely yarns before, but yours takes the cake. Takes the cake . . ." the lorry driver repeated in dazed tones as slowly he crumpled to the floor.

A very tall stout woman walked into the bar and looked imperiously at the little man and the inert lorry driver.

"Really Henry," she said. "Wake that poor man up immediately. Or I'll tell my brother."

END

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Summer Christmas (*Continued from page 19*)

any sudden advances. But she had hoped all the time that Peer would gradually settle down to her.

Five months, she thought, as she went indoors to clear the breakfast table, and they were still as much strangers to each other as they had been at that first moment.

She piled the dishes in the kitchen sink, and, taking the kettle from the stove, poured water over them, with extra thoroughness. At least she was a good housekeeper. Her mother had taught her that.

After a little while, she realized she hadn't heard a sound from Peer. Going quickly to the screen door that opened on to the yard, she called him.

"Peer!" That cute name he had given himself when he was too little to say Peter.

There was no answer and she put the dish towel down and went out on the back verandah. "Peer!"

Still no answer. She hurried around to the front of the house.

He was sitting on the low step. Just sitting.

She was always coming up against these detachments of his, but, after Colin's glowing picture of Christmas, she felt she must try for a touch of festiveness.

"Are you going to help Mummie stuff the chicken?" She tried to make it sound inviting.

He shook his head.

"The chicken's for Christmas dinner," she coaxed.

He looked mildly interested. "Is it dead?"

"Well, naturally. Come round to the kitchen. As soon as I've finished the dishes we'll start the stuffing. We want everything for tomorrow all ready by the time Daddy comes home."

Peer trailed after her. But, in the kitchen, he went straight to the screen door and stood there staring out.

HE was used to having Rusty about, Shirley thought. Somehow she must entertain him or he would go out and start racing around too hard in the sun.

"Not long now till Santa Claus comes," she said brightly. "We must find a big long stocking for you to hang up, mustn't we?"

Peer didn't answer. He gave a few desultory kicks at the base of the screen door, then he opened it a little. It squeaked. That was interesting, and back and forth he pushed it.

"If we lived in New York," Shirley made another try, "we'd be going out this morning to buy a Christmas tree."

Peer stopped in the middle of a squeak. "What's a Christmas tree?"

Shirley looked at him in surprise. "Why, Peer! Have you forgotten? You know what a Christmas tree is, dear. I showed you pictures of some on those cards from home."

"Those weren't trees. They had lights on them." Peer's eyes went out over the paddocks. Obviously trees didn't have lights on them.

He went back to his interrupted squeak, and then started on a new series. Squ-eak, squ-eak.

Shirley cast around for another topic to divert him. They could have talked about his playmates, only he didn't have any, with the nearest neighbour living fifteen miles off. And that family had no children anyway.

"Did you have a nice ride on Noonday?" she said, trying not to hear how formal she sounded.

"No."

"Oh, Peer!" He was just being perverse. Next to his own cherished pony, Noonday was his idol. "You always have a nice ride on Noonday."

"No, I don't."

Shirley dried a cup and put it away on its hook. She glanced at the child. He looked well enough.

She ran over in her mind the food he was getting. She had very carefully gone into all that sort of thing with her mother after Colin wrote and asked her to come out to Australia and marry him. Her mother wasn't very scientific about diets and things, though. "Just give him plenty of milk and vegetables," she'd said, "but it's mostly love the little fellow'll need after two years with no woman in the house." Certainly Peer looked a lot huskier since she came, and Colin had filled out as much as that lean kind ever does. But something was missing. Maybe Peer wasn't getting quite enough vitamins, or surely he would be sunnier.

He had abandoned the screen door and in his uncommunicative way started on a project with the stepladder-stool. Certainly when she was a little girl, playing beside her mother in the kitchen, the jack-in-the-box quality of the steps which appeared when the seat was lifted would have been something to chatter and laugh about. But Peer repeated the operation several times solemnly and without comment.

WITH everything dried and put away, she quickly hung up the dish towel and went to get the chicken from the kerosene refrigerator. Rusty always put the chickens there when he had plucked and dressed them.

But it wasn't there.

"Peer!" she exclaimed. "Rusty went without killing the chicken."

The child brightened. "Are you going to kill the chook, Mummie? Can I watch you kill it dead?"

She supposed she would have to kill the wretched thing. Then she pictured herself chopping off its head and knew she couldn't possibly. Colin would have to do it when he came home.

But, with Rusty gone, he would have to do the milking. And he was counting on a gay Christmas Eve.

No.

She would kill the chicken. Somehow she would do it. She couldn't go on forever being squeamish now she lived in the bush. Marion the child's own mother, must surely have killed many chickens.

Peer seemed to feel life had looked up.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he went full blast. "When are you going to kill it?"

"Oh, be quiet, Peer!" Shirley could suddenly see her mother on Christmas Eve lovingly choosing the very biggest turkey in Angelo's Market. There was something different about Angelo's turkeys. They were dead in such a nice way. It never occurred to you they had ever been alive.

Last year, Mother and Dad and she had peeled the chestnuts for the dressing. She could see the three of them sitting there in the kitchen, a bunch of holly in a bowl and a wreath with a fat red bow at the window against a background of falling snow.

She shut her eyes against the glare of harsh sunlight to get closer to the memory. When she opened them, Peter was playing with the breadknife.

"Peer! Put that down!"

"Daddy lets me hold the breadknife. He lets me carry it into the dining-room."

"I know he does. But Mummie doesn't like it. Please give it to me, Peer."

HE relinquished it as if he had known the happiness was too good to last.

"Are you going to kill the chook, Mummie?"

Shirley thought of Marion. "Yes," she said, "but not now."

"Why not now?"

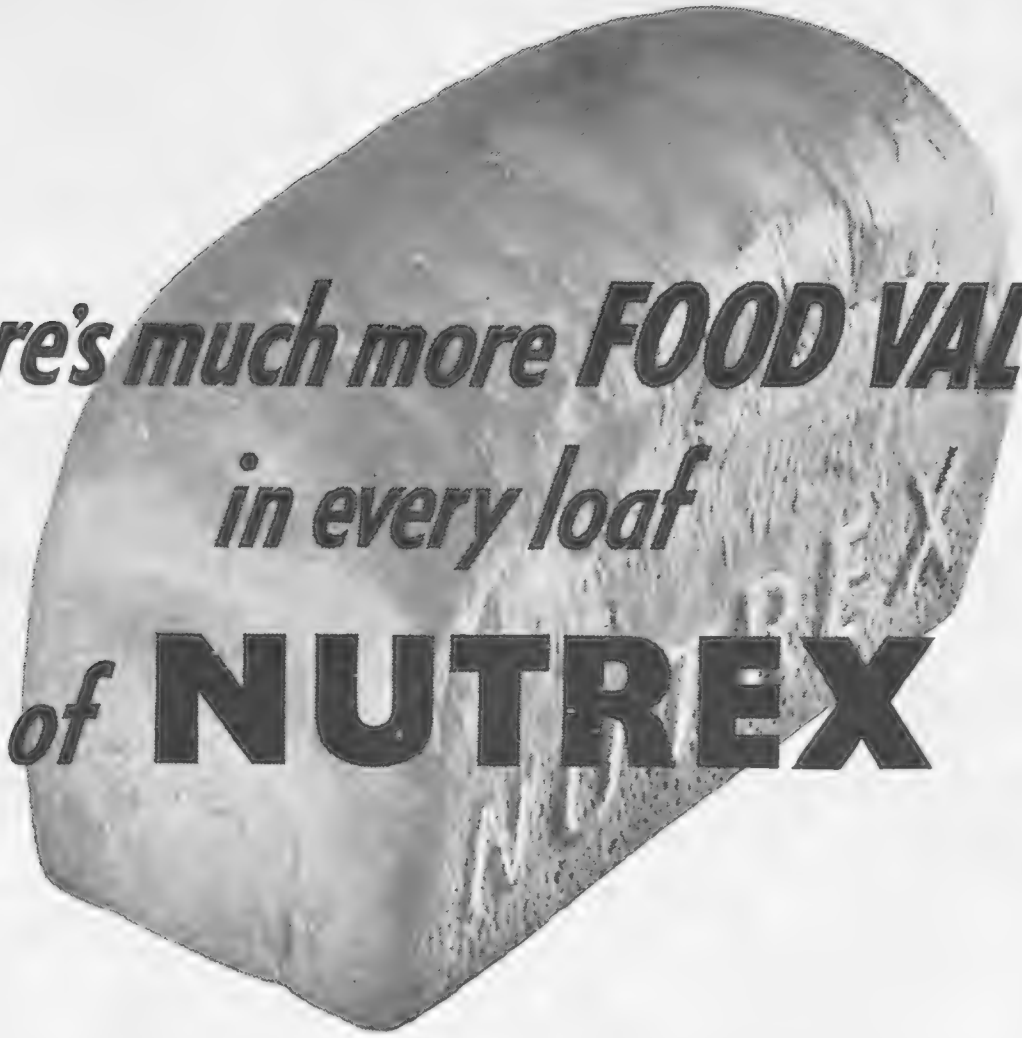
The iron roof was making a crackling sound as the sun beat down. Shirley took her handkerchief and wiped her face, her neck.

"I think we'll make the stuffing first."

Peer put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dead lizard. At least Shirley hoped it was dead.

"Not here, Peer!" she cried. "Put it in your corpse box on the back verandah." That was a box she had fixed up in self-defence after she had found his room a jungle of such things when she came.

While he was out of the kitchen, she started collecting ingredients for the stuffing. Christmas Eve so far didn't seem to be reaching the heights of bliss Colin had pictured. But it was at least a (*Continued on page 70*)



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comfort to remember the presents that were hidden away. That part of Christmas was all right at any rate.

Her family at home had sent a great many presents for Peer, and one, she knew, was a freight-train and tracks. She had very particularly reminded the family that it must be the wind-up kind. Though they would have remembered anyway probably, as she had said a good deal in her letters about the quaintness of kerosene lamps.

Colin and she had talked for hours about what they would give him, and finally they had decided upon a saddle. His first saddle.

The ungainly treasure had been a problem to wrap, for its shape gave away the secret, so Shirley had stuffed newspaper into strategic places to disguise it. Just in case Peer should feel like making an experimental poke. Not that she need have worried about his poking. It was clear that he wasn't even remotely interested in Christmas.

Except for that momentary flicker about the tree.

It was a shame Australians didn't have Christmas trees. Just think how pretty all those beautifully wrapped presents from home would have looked underneath the branches. And how mysterious the package that was the saddle. Colin and she had given Peer a book, too, about horses and ponies, as well as candy and other things. It wasn't going to be possible to get all his presents on the breakfast table, which was what Colin said Australians did with their presents on Christmas morning.

A TREE would have been much nicer. Besides, trimming it would have been a way of entertaining Peer.

Well, why not have one? There was no law about a Christmas tree being a spruce. Peer and she could pick some of the wild red and yellow flowers called Christmas Bells and string them in garlands to use as trimming. Or she could fasten on the most colourful of the cards. She'd find something for decoration if she just had the tree.

She went to the window and looked hopefully out into the garden and over the paddocks shimmering in the heat.

Peer came in just then, and, with the lack of ease she always felt with him, she started accounting for staring out of the window like that.

"I thought perhaps we could have a—a Christmas tree," her voice trailed off as she realized there was nothing out there that would do.

"Will you chop it down, Mummie?"

Only something violent seemed to set off any spark in him.

"I suppose so," she said, feeling rather panicky. She shouldn't have mentioned a tree before she knew she could surely get one. "Put your hat on and we'll see what we can find."

She got the axe and they walked around to the front steps. The sun hit like a blast as they left the shade of the verandah.

Shirley looked quickly around the garden in a desperate sort of way. Gum trees and other trees that were too tall or otherwise impossible, but nothing that could be used for a Christmas tree. Nothing.

She remembered some wattles down by the creek.

"Come on, Peer. We'll go to the creek."

Once away from the lawn, the tussocks were hard to walk on. Glittering winged insects flew up from the brown grass into the air that seemed brittle with heat. The creek was a mere trickle of muddy water. Up a little way, on the other side, willows drooped against each other, but on this side was the clump of wattle.

They called it mimosa back home. Shirley used to see it in florists windows and think how lovely the countryside must look splashed with those golden blossoms that were tiny fluffy balls. But all the blooms had gone at this season and the little trees were bedraggled and grey with their delicate foliage limp in the heat. She pictured one with trimmings on and was afraid it was going to look like a slightly drunken grey kitten.

But it was that or nothing.

She took a good swing with the axe, but she was so awkward that the blade barely chipped the tender bark. After that, she hacked, rather than chopped, while perspiration poured from her.

When the little tree finally went over, Shirley lost her balance and sat down beside it. Peer looked intrigued for a minute, and that was something. But he was so solemn about it all. Shirley wondered whatever she could do to whip up some gaiety into the proceedings.

THERE didn't seem to be much material to work on, with the tree lying there looking reproachful and the sun blazing relentlessly down.

"You carry the top, dear," she said as brightly as her saturated state would allow, "and I'll take this end."

Silently they walked along.

It was rather different, Shirley thought, to the Currier and Ives print of "Bringing Home the Christmas Tree" that hung over Dad's desk.

Peer might have been at a funeral, and Shirley suddenly felt that if he were her own child she might have slapped him. She really might. Not that he was being naughty, but she was so hot and he didn't have to look so—so unapproachable.

She laughed a little apologetically. "Of course it's more fun to carry the tree home through snow, but——" she looked up from under her floppy hat at the blatantly blue, clear sky, "I don't think it's going to snow, so we'll just have to pretend."

She broke into "Jingle Bells" for background effect.

". . . In a one horse open slei-gh," she finished.

Peer didn't know the song, so he couldn't join in, and Shirley had the impression he thought she was being pretty silly.

"I'll teach you a carol to sing for Daddy," she said, in another bid for gaiety. "Wouldn't you like to sing 'Good King Wenceslas?'"

"No."

"Oh, Peer . . . !" She started to expostulate with him, but stopped herself. They trudged back to the house, and she sank down on the edge of the low verandah.

But only for a minute. The tree must be put in water.

"Sit here in the shade, Peer," she said. "I'm going to get some water for the tree."

In the kitchen she half-filled a pail at the sink, then carried it through the house. The wattle looked as if it were past caring, but she plunged it into the water.

"Do you want to help me carry it into the living-room, Peer?"

He looked at her in that reflective way Colin did sometimes. Obviously he considered it a very peculiar thing indeed to take a tree indoors, but he didn't say anything, just put his small fingers over the handle of the pail and heaved.

Inside the living-room, she put the pail down and looked around.

"The tree will have to go in the corner. The only other place is on the hearth and that has to be left free for Santa Claus to come down the chimney." Turning to the child, she added, "Santa Claus is coming, you know, with toys for Peer." She winced at the archness in her voice.

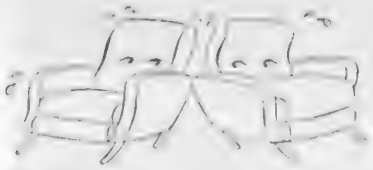
PEER, quite unimpressed, jiggled the handle of the pail, then bent over to settle some obscure point about it till he stood just about on his head.

Shirley looked down at her upturned stepson. Plainly there was no hope of working up excitement in advance. All she could do was go on with the preparations and hope for a miracle. She lifted the pail and placed the wattle between the two windows.

"It'll freshen up," she said hopefully. "Anyway, it'll be prettier when it's trimmed. Bring me a sheet from the clean linen shelf, Peer. Spread out, it will be the snow under the tree. After all," she said vivaciously, "there has to be snow under the tree."

"Why?"

Shirley glanced swiftly at him. "Peer!" she exploded. "I (*Continued on page 72*)



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can't do Christmas all by myself! You have to co-operate."

He fiddled with one of the drooping boughs. "Can we kill the chook now?"

"No, we can't," she snapped.

Peer stared at her a moment, then he turned and walked out.

Shirley looked despairingly after him.

Everything was so still and quiet and hot. And futile. There was no air in the small living-room and she felt as depressed as the Christmas tree looked.

But however miserable she felt, she mustn't let Peer go off like that.

SHE ran through the house looking for him. He didn't seem to be anywhere. Then, from the kitchen, she saw him tramping along beside the vegetable garden towards the paddock where his pony was.

She had thrown her hat on the kitchen table when she got the pail of water, and now she snatched it. She wanted to tear after Peer, but managed to make herself just walk.

"Where are you going?" she called.

He gave one look back at her, then trudged on without a word.

"It's too hot for you in the paddock, Peer. Come back and Mummie will give you some milk and cookies. Some of the chocolate ones, shaped like stars. Six cookies, because it's Christmas Eve."

He loved cookies and hesitated a moment. Then went right on. Obviously he wanted nothing to do with her.

Shirley stood still in the piercing sunlight and watched his small figure about to disappear behind the woolshed. She could think of only one thing that held out any promise of getting him to come back.

"Peer!" she called. "I'm going to the fowlyard now."

He stopped, but didn't start back.

Inspiration struck her then. "You don't have to go with me," she said casually, and turned to go for the axe.

To see if she was being followed became irresistible after a moment, and, sure enough, there was Peer paddling after her.

When she closed the fowlyard gate behind him and herself, most of the hens were sitting in what shade they could find, their beaks a little open in the unstirring air and their wings lifted slightly away from their bodies.

Telling Peer to wait by the gate, she gave the sing-song chant she had heard Rusty give. "Cho-o-k chook chook!"

The hens apparently saw she had no food and were in no mood to be social. But one finally stood up and stepped desultorily forward.

Shirley held out her hand to it. She snapped her fingers as she might to a pet dog, then, as it indifferently slanted off in another direction, she rather embarrassedly withdrew her hand and walked after the fowl.

It picked up speed and so did she but it slid neatly under a coop where she couldn't follow.

She turned back. It was probably too old anyway. Though goodness knows she'd settle for anything.

UNEASINESS became evident in the spectators' section. Closing their beaks and drawing in their wings, one by one they got guardedly to their feet.

Shirley's eyes settled on a little speckled hen. It wasn't big enough to be old. Also, it looked rather kind. Maybe it would take pity on her.

She stalked it gingerly, but it got the idea and retreated.

She made a pounce at it, but it didn't stay where she pounced at, and now things were in an uproar. Such clucking and protest and scurrying about she had never encountered. She was glad to get back near the gate and Peer.

Her thin dress was sopped with perspiration and she ran her hand over her forehead, so the rivulets wouldn't go in her eyes.

Just then the little speckled hen ran in front of her.

Shirley wanted this over, and quickly.

She took a running dive, while her target confusingly rose in the air with a great fluttering and to-do and of course got away.

Scrambling up, Shirley saw Peer shooing the thing into a corner.

Fascinated, she watched.

Peer moved closer and closer. Then grabbed it. Just like that. Put his arms down and fearlessly grabbed the hen tightly around its wings and body.

Shirley had left the axe outside the gate, and, as she stooped for it, realization of what she was about to do suddenly swept over her.

To kill something in cold blood like that was horrible.

She lagged behind Peer as he walked over to the chopping block. If only the chicken would get away!

She was actually shaking by the time she reached the block.

Peer stood there, perfectly matter-of-fact. He must have watched Rusty often, for his small hands had quite expertly taken hold of the fowl's legs and the creature hung down, exhausted, its neck and head resting on the ground.

Shirley couldn't help thinking the hen looked exactly like old Cousin Tess when she'd dropped a stitch in her knitting.

She swallowed hard. She must be strong.

But supposing, when she shut her eyes and blindly brought the axe down—oh, supposing she chopped the head only half off!

She glanced at Peer. He was looking worriedly at her.

It wasn't fair to expose the child to this hesitation. She moistened her lips, and, motioning him to get ready, she lifted the axe.

She didn't mean to look at Cousin Tess, held upside down by her heels, but inadvertently she did—just at the moment when the lid came weakly down over the one visible eye.

That was the moment to strike. But Shirley couldn't do it. She simply couldn't do it.

Feeling sick, she let the axe slip out of her hand, and with it went the frayed ends of her self-esteem.

There was apparently nothing she could do properly.

TOO ashamed to look at Peer, she knew vaguely that Cousin Tess was hanging down by his side again.

Shirley tried for a moment to control the tears that started streaming down her face, then, sinking on to the vacated block, she put her hands over her face and just cried and cried.

Colin would have done better never to have sent for her.

It would have been still better if they had never met that time he passed through New York on his way home from the war. Then, when Marion died, he could have married a nice bush girl who could kill chickens and maybe get within hailing distance of his son.

Reaching for her handkerchief, Shirley remembered the day she had said goodbye to Colin. He was married, and that was that. She had thought she was heartbroken then, but this—this was what desolation really was.

This abject failure. And at Christmas! With Colin coming home full of anticipation!

Through her sobs she heard squawks and a great flutter of wings, and realized Peer had let the little speckled hen go.

He would go, too, of course, and then the devastation would be complete.

It was suddenly too bad to cry over, and she looked up.

Peer was standing there, quite close, and looking at her anxiously.

"We can have dinner without the chook, Mummie," he said.

"W-without the chook?" she said foolishly, in her surprise at his comforting her.

"We could have cookies," Peer insisted soberly.

Shirley gave a final sob, used her handkerchief again, then put the wet ball in her pocket. "No, Peer. Daddy'll kill the chicken." She stood up. "Let's—let's go back to the house."

Almost without thinking, she held out her hand to him.

He took it and they started walking back.

(*Continued on page 74*)

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"I do like those cookies," he said.

"Do you, dear?" Shirley said gratefully. "Well, you can have some now. And some milk."

After a minute, "Peer," she consulted him gravely, "I wish we could think of something to do tomorrow that Daddy would specially like. Can you think of anything?"

Peer kicked a stone, hopping on one foot, his hand still in hers.

"He likes picnics," he said, between hops.

A picnic! On Christmas Day?

Shirley looked around. The heat didn't seem so bad somehow. The stillness everywhere was rather gentle and peaceful.

After all, why shouldn't they go for a picnic tomorrow?

She had a can of tongue. Then Colin wouldn't have to wrestle with the chicken tonight. And they could take the Christmas cake and the star cookies Peer liked, and some of the Christmas candy. Up by the shady waterhole in Baan Baa Gulley it would be cool and wonderful. It really would.

Peer would have his new saddle and the three of them could ride over. Early, before the sun got too high.

Shirley looked down at the old straw hat under which her stepson navigated.

"You were very clever, Peer," she said, "to think of that."

The hat tilted sidewise to show the tanned face beneath it.

"What does clever mean, Mummie?"

She smiled. "It's what Daddy is, darling."

Peer considered that a moment, then he smiled, too—a cosy smile, companionable like Colin's.

END

Mere Mousers?

(*Continued from page 37*)

squats like a quarten loaf that can, in a split second, transform itself into a lashing whip of incredible energy; that can make the most courageous of dogs think twice about continuing an attack, is vermin.

Since a cat is of so little account, you do not even have to stop if you run over one—any more than you would have to report the death of a moth that had flown into your windscreen.

You must stop if you run over a dog, and you should report the accident. But dogs are persons; they are taxed: they, through their owners, are contributors to the national income and are considered to be of some account—quite rightly.

But a cat is merely beautiful, amusing and useful and these attributes are not measurable in terms of cash. A dog can be beautiful, amusing and useful as well, but that doesn't condemn it to official anonymity, because it is also a source of revenue.

However, the official attitude is two-edged. It is very difficult to hold a cat (or any other vermin) responsible for its actions. Depredations in gardens or poultry runs are almost impossible to lay at the door of the householder whose premises have been selected as a habitat by the offending cat. It would be a tough proposition indeed to show that because a cat decided to accept your shelter and hospitality that it is in fact *your* cat. Who wants to own vermin, Mr. Law Maker?

Whether they own them or not, people have cats about them, and more and more people are coming to realize the pleasure there is to be had from a sympathetic study of cats and their ways. It is to be hoped that this acceptance of a very cheap source of delight and education does not result in more stray cats. One national society alone collected 27,000 proven strays in a single year.

PEOPLE must, and most will, find that a cat's interest does not end with kittenhood. Cats are adult for much longer than they are babies and adolescents, and should be accepted as cats at the very beginning of the association, and kittenhood considered an added, but, alas, transitory delight. Cardinal Richelieu had the regrettable habit of ordering a succession of kittens for his diversion, dispensing with them when they were no longer playful enough to amuse him. What happened to the discards? Did they become strays? Is it one of the reasons for so many strays today?

Anyone can enjoy the caperings of a kitten, but the quieter, subtler behaviour of the adult cat is less obvious, and well worth the observing.

When I say "cat," I incline to refer to the very usual kind of cat we meet every day. Some are, frankly, just pets of one of the family, treated, in all proper households, with the exact amount of consideration and affection that they require. Like other members of our family, they find their level. If Father is mild, rather lazy and somewhat taciturn, we don't bother him with vehemence and ebullience, and if Sister is always ready for some caper we try, with due regard for our own tastes, to fit our behaviour to hers.

If our cat is perennially playful we occasionally have games: if she doesn't want to play, we don't pester.

Other cats one meets are in charge of various shops, railway stations, police stations or banks, and all must be treated with proper regard for the proprieties becoming their position.

These are the ordinary types that bear as little resemblance to the other-worldly show cats as I do to Len Hutton (we are both human, Yorkshire and play cricket; there, I regret to say, grounds for comparison cease).

Show cats have no need of my championing: they have an assured and unassailable place in society. They are worth money. I don't suppose my cat would fetch the price of a mouse-trap in the open market, priceless though she is.

I like show cats well enough, but my liking is more admiration than

affection. (I admire Chatsworth House, but I don't want to own it, or live in it.) Yes, the everyday moggie is my cup of tea, and in that you will find the lion, the tiger, the ocelot, the jaguar, the puma or the lynx. And there also you will find the clown and the savant, the emperor and the gracious lady and, paradoxically, craftiness displayed with unashamed and transparent honesty.

When Authority realizes that there is so much entertainment and happiness to be had by cat owners for the price of a couple of simple meals a day then, and probably then only, will cats be taxed, and this undemanding, highly intelligent and, above all, clean animal will be freed of the ridiculous and opprobrious epithet—vermin.

END

What To Make Of Him

(*Continued from page 13*)

than a private practitioner; the same can be said of the business manager; and both are getting more and more like the civil servant —who leads a much harder working life than is generally supposed— who will never be very rich, but who can, if he passes his Entrance, start earning straight from the university a better salary than the young management trainee. There is less contrast than of old, too, between glittering prizes in business and sober security in Whitehall or the country solicitor's office. Super tax has dimmed those glittering prizes, while full employment has pushed up the pittance earned by the junior and the unsuccessful.

So what shall Johnny do? A question of temperament, perhaps. Johnny cannot be so completely clueless as not to know whether he likes or loathes having a bash on his own initiative. A matter of connections, too; nepotism is a nasty word, but it does *help* to know someone in the City—or for that matter, Fleet Street or the Temple. A matter, partly, of judgment about such dry economic questions as the future trend of the price levels—in other words, about inflation; professional fees and salaries lag, while business earnings, on the whole, keep abreast, as the cost of living climbs. A matter, even, of tax law; business executives thrive on tax-free expense accounts, civil servants and such do not—but will the contrast always be so striking?

There is, in fact, no really safe bet for Johnny. If one can draw any moral, it is that he should keep an open mind, choosing according to aptitude and current opportunity (concerning which careers masters and appointments boards can give useful advice) rather than by family tradition and convention; discarding the idea that certain material standards, expectations of security, degrees of social kudos, necessarily go with certain jobs; standing ready to bring to a professional career the adaptability and the driving initiative which makes the successful business man, and to industry or commerce the professional ethic of devotion and integrity. If he succeeds, the gain will not be his alone.

END

Beauty On A Budget

(*Continued from page 47*)

4 oz. bottle of Beauty Cleanser	..*costs* 5/–	.. *lasts* 4 *weeks*	.. *weekly cost*	1/3
Sleeping Beauty (liquid night cream)	.. .. ,, 5/–	.. ,, 4 ,,	.. ,,	1/3
Tonic Lotion	.. .. ,, 5/–	.. ,, 6 ,,	.. ,,	0/10
Lipstick	.. .. ,, 5/6	.. ,, 12 ,,	.. ,,	0/5½
Rouge	.. .. ,, 2/9	.. ,, 26 ,,	.. ,,	0/1½
Powder	.. .. ,, 2/9	.. ,, 6 ,,	.. ,,	0/5½
Liquid Beauty or Beauty Base	.. .. ,, 5/–	.. ,, 12 ,,	.. ,,	0/5
		Total weekly expenditure		4/9½

Of course these estimates are approximate, because the amounts used differ from one person to another, but even allowing a certain margin, 5s. a week is not an unreasonable figure for a complete beauty routine.

The over-thirties may have to face a slightly higher beauty budget than this. For one thing, an occasional salon treatment is advisable for them, even if it is only once a quarter. Again, if the skin has been starved of its cleanse-stimulate-nourish ritual, it may require some specialized preparation to correct the damage.

There are, of course, some practical saving hints, like replacing caps and bottles and using only the amount of cream required and no more. We take it that any tidy-minded woman would do that, anyway. But you may not have considered that some preparations may be more economical in use than others. If you dig your fingers into a precious pot of cream, you may waste that small amount which lodges under your nails. A liquid or a solid preparation might overcome that bit of waste, anyway.

Certain combined preparations might prove a saving. If, for instance, you need only a light make-up for some part of the day (I am thinking of the housewife's morning, for instance) Max Factor's new combined powder and base would prove economical

In planning a beauty budget it is not the initial outlay that is so important, as the "running" cost. If two preparations cost twice as much, but last twice as long, as one preparation, and are doing the job better, then they are obviously the better investment.

END

Helena Rubinstein's new Contour-lift Film 'lifts' & firms sagging contours

At NIGHT *it moulds more youthful contours.*

By DAY *it tones, firms, uplifts.*

Gives you a 24 hour 'beauty lift'

Only the genius of Helena Rubinstein could bring you CONTOUR-LIFT FILM—an *invisible* beauty liquid that *visibly* tightens, firms and smooths your skin 24 hours a day. Pat it on. Stroke it in. Instantly you'll feel its bracing action as sagging chin lines, flabby facial contours, puffy under-eye areas are toned, firmed, uplifted. Watch with delight as CONTOUR-LIFT FILM smooths out tell-tale, age-revealing lines around the eyes and mouth, crepey wrinkles on the throat, for hour after hour.

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Helena Rubinstein CONTOUR-LIFT FILM contains rich penetrating oils, invigorating firming agents, and unique herbal extracts — a totally new idea in beauty treatments. Use CONTOUR-LIFT FILM by day under your make-up; and at night, after cleansing — to work for you 24 hours a day! You'll be richly rewarded now and through years to come!

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makers, also, of Mousse — a glorious, light foundation cream to hold your powder, smooth and matt, the day long.

Innoxa Face Powder is 6/- (or, if you prefer the new 'packet petite' 4/2 at the best Cosmetic Counters). In the Innoxa range there are two shades that are excitingly new — Pink Pearl (for the fair skinned) and Rose Petal (for the darker skinned).

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Salon Treatments, Make-up and Consultations at 170 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

Legacy For Lovers

(*Continued from page 22*)

"Listen old Merridew, you know I'd be dead in a week in London."

"But. . . ."

"And I'm going down to the farm this afternoon."

"But this is without precedent. Your Uncle Rufus. . . ."

"Just give me the address of the farm: Who's looking after it?"

"Baxter, the agent." Old Merridew's pen scratched the address and he muttered rebelliously under his breath. He held out the slip of paper to Gabriel. "You may not like it."

"Then I'll sell it and buy another," said Gabriel Blunt. "I'm rich aren't I?"

"But don't you want to hear the will?"

"Another time. Wire Baxter and say I'll be down on the first train after lunch." Gabriel Blunt grinned his buccaneer's grin at old Merridew, pulled a tweed hat on to his head and left.

THE slow train creaked into Westonhanger at four-thirty. Gabriel Blunt stepped down from it and walked the length of the platform swinging an army hold-all. Baxter wasn't there. There was no one there except a girl with red gold hair in faded corduroys and a windcheater.

"Orders is orders," said Gabriel Blunt to himself. "Baxter will have to go." He went into the stationmaster's office.

A porter was gumming labels to a crate of chicks. Gabriel Blunt cleared his throat. "Any message for me? I'm looking for someone called Baxter."

The porter hooked a thumb over his shoulder. "She's out front."

"She . . .?" Mr. Blunt looked back at the girl who was now staring at him. He went towards her. "Good afternoon, I'm Blunt."

"I'm Baxter," said the girl evenly.

Gabriel smiled. "Sounds like a vaudeville act. Blunt and Baxter, Song and Dance Team."

The girl avoided his smile. "The car's in the yard." She led the way past him.

Mr. Blunt following her liked the fine brown nape of her neck and the way the red gold curls clung to it. They came out into the sunshine of the yard where a station wagon was standing. It was rather battered and the back was full of sacks.

The girl opened the door. "I'm afraid it's not very clean, Mr. Blunt."

Gabriel Blunt stopped halfway in. "That's all right Miss . . . or is it Mrs. Baxter?"

"Just Baxter," she said shortly. "That's what Uncle Rufus called me."

Mr. Blunt eased himself into the seat. "Did you know him well?"

"He was the best friend I ever had." Baxter went quickly round to the driver's seat so that he shouldn't see her face.

When she was seated beside him Mr. Blunt sniffed. "Something smells."

"Fish meal. For the pigs." She nodded to the sacks behind him.

The engine accelerated and they bumped out on to the main road. Mr. Blunt stuffed black shag into his pipe and when he lit it the smell of fish meal receded. The car climbed steadily up the old Roman road that led eventually to Canterbury.

Mr. Blunt looked about him. "Nice country."

"We like it." Somehow the remark excluded him.

Gabriel Blunt grinned to himself and was determined not to be put off. He said, "Are you really the agent, or have you a father?"

"I am, Mr. Blunt." Baxter kept her eyes on the road.

"Isn't that rather unusual?"

"Perhaps. But I've been here four years and I know all about the land."

"Tell me about it."

Baxter turned the car into a side road. "No need. We're nearly there." Two minutes later they drew to the side of the lane and they had a long view that ended in a haze over the Romney marshes. Mr. Blunt's eyes roved appreciatively. He heard the girl speaking beside him. "That's the house, in the hollow there." It was a square Georgian building with deep windows and a pillared door, a house tree-framed, mellowed with the years. To one side stables, loose-boxes and coach-house formed a brick and weatherboard group round a paved yard.

"Splendid," he said.

"There's an inn in the village," said Baxter, "and a Country Club at Horrocks. That's seven miles away."

"Oh." Gabriel Blunt thought for a moment. "Why do you mention them?"

"I thought they were the sort of things that interested you," said Baxter evenly.

"I'm interested in everything." After a pause, he said, "Let's push on, Baxter."

MISS BAXTER released the brake and they coasted down the lane. After a half mile they turned in through stone gates smothered in ivy and passed a small lodge. "Who lives there?"

"I do," said Baxter.

They passed behind the big house and through the stable yard to a side door. As the car door opened the housekeeper appeared.

"Mister Gabriel!" she said.

"Hallo, Nannie."

"About time you found us again!"

"Sorry it wasn't sooner." He kissed her cheek.

Baxter put his bag neatly in the porch and climbed back into the brake. Gabriel put a hand on the window.

"Thanks for meeting me Baxter."

"That's all right, Mr. Blunt." She didn't look up, but drove slowly out of the yard.

"Gabriel looked down at Nannie Price. "I like Baxter."

Nannie laughed. "One you won't get your way with."

They went inside.

"THAT'S nearly all of it." Baxter leapt nimbly over the stile and led the way along a bridle path.

Mr. Blunt grunted. He paused to light his pipe. When he caught her up he said, "I must congratulate you, Baxter."

"Thank you." Baxter's voice was prim. They came out at another stile just above the house.

Gabriel Blunt had just been shown his property and liked it. As they trudged across the last meadow he was thinking that this was the sort of place he'd longed for always, and that maybe Uncle Rufus had known that. This was a place a man could bury his roots in, and at the end of a day's toil there'd be something to see.

When they were back at the stables Baxter said, "I'll show you the books now, Mr. Blunt."

"I don't want to see them Baxter. I'm sure they're perfect, like everything else."

"Well, if that's all I'll go."

"Just a moment . . .," Gabriel Blunt took his pipe from his mouth and hesitated. "You don't er—like me very much, do you, Baxter?"

"I don't know anything much about you, Mr. Blunt."

"But you don't think I'll make a farmer?"

"Farming's my life, Mr. Blunt, and it's the lives of the men who work here, and I'd hate to think it was just another adventure to you. You see, in a way we depend on you. We have to."

"It is an adventure for me, Baxter, but it's going to be my last. I've racketed around enough. I think I'm going to like it here." He pushed his cap off his forehead. "Come and have a cup of coffee, Baxter?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Blunt, I've a lot to do."

"What for instance?"

"Well, we're pulling beet in the north field today."

"Where the men were?"

"That's right."

"Well, hang on, Baxter, I'm going to change. Then I'm coming th you. I want you to show me how to pull beet."

'Very well, Mr. Blunt." Baxter kept her eyes on the ground until s footsteps had died away.

Mr. Blunt came into the kitchen zipping up a rainslick. He saw nnie by the stove. He said, "What's wrong with Baxter, Nannie? what's wrong with me?"

Nannie looked up at him. "I thought you'd be asking me that l fore long. Mister Gabriel, you'll do best if you leave that girl alone. 's upset and unhappy. Your Uncle Rufus meant a lot to her."

I guessed that."

And there's something else, but if you ever dare breathe a word ut it I'll chop your head off." Nannie lifted a dangerous-looking rving knife.

Cross my heart," said Gabriel Blunt.

'Well, your Uncle Rufus worshipped that girl, too. Bought her Colonel, the bay hunter, so that she could ride him in the point-to-int. He always said that when he died he'd leave her Colonel, but you know how old men are. He forgot I suppose."

Gabriel Blunt laughed out loud. "Is that all? She can have Colonel now."

I said you weren't to mention it," said Nannie sharply. "Besides, she wouldn't take him. Not from you."

But it's silly. . . ."

'You'll be quiet about it. I know best."

Oh, blast it!" Gabriel Blunt pulled on his cap and went out into the sunshine where Baxter was waiting. "Come on, Baxter, let's go and pull this beet."

'Yes, Mr. Blunt." Baxter, who had led the way all morning, now found herself following in the long strides of her employer.

GABRIEL BLUNT worked like a horse. After a month he was as tough and brown as any of his men. Every morning he met Baxter at the stables, every day he learnt something new. And there was so much that was new to learn, both in the hard practical farming sense and in the more indefinable realm of management of a farming estate and all that that implies. Sometimes he stopped to ask himself how long it would take him to master his new craft—a craft in which the girl's competence was so obviously, emphatically outstanding. But the man had a sure retentive memory, a quickness in learning and most of all an aptitude for the life and work. Slowly the reins of ownership passed into his own hands and he handled them with a sure gentleness that gave no pain to Baxter.

Market day was their only relaxation and it was when they were driving back from a market that Baxter dropped her bombshell. She looked sideways at Gabriel Blunt who was driving and said, "You don't really need me here any longer, do you Mr. Blunt?"

Mr. Blunt's jaw dropped so that he almost lost his pipe. "What d'you mean? Of course I need you. You're not thinking of. . . ."

Baxter looked straight ahead through the windscreen. "You don't need me really. It was different when Uncle Rufus was alive. He couldn't see to things. He had to have an agent." There was a catch in her voice.

In the driving mirror Gabriel Blunt saw that her eyes were bright with tears. "You loved him, didn't you, Baxter?"

"He was the only friend I've ever had." Her voice was muffled.

Mr. Blunt slowed the car to a halt. He put (*Continued on page 78*)

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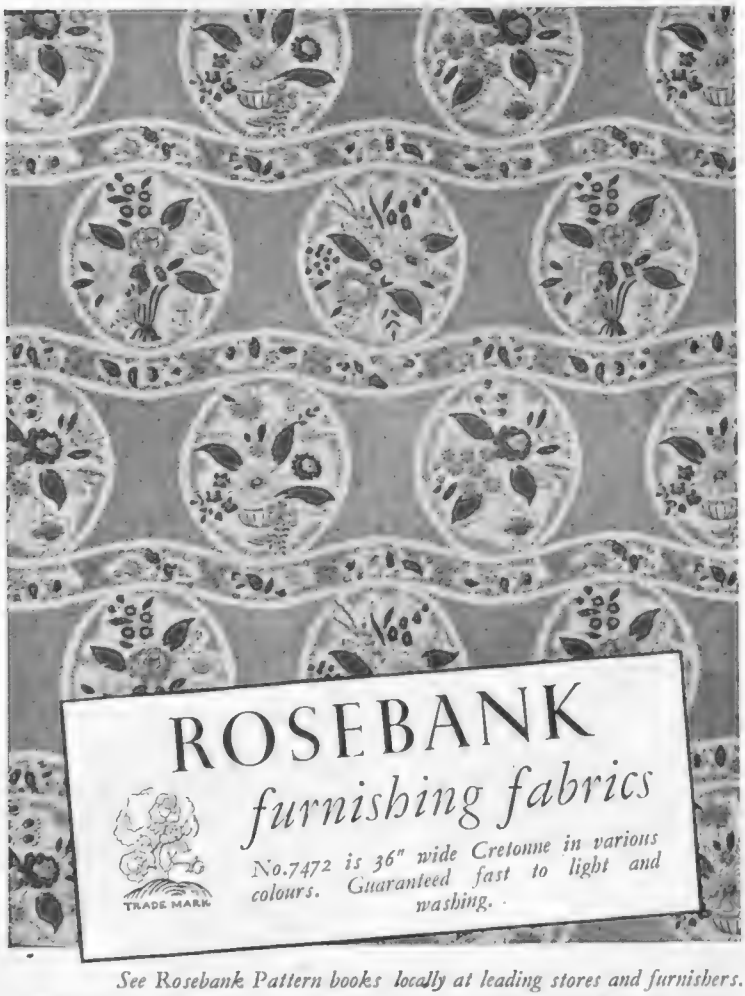
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his arm round Baxter's shoulders, where no man's arm had been before. She clung to him. "I'm such a fool," she said, and hid her face. She wished that Gabriel Blunt would drive on. She wished the world would end. Her heart was beating like a bird's. "Please," she said, "please drive on. Don't look at me, I'll be all right." With relief she heard him put the car in gear.

When they reached the stables she had recovered herself. She flung open the door and jumped down. Then she leant back through the window. "We'll say a week's notice then, Mr. Blunt," she said quietly. "Goodbye."

Mr. Blunt leant across. "But why, Baxter? Why?"

Baxter didn't answer. She was running like a deer round the corner of the house.

GABRIEL BLUNT left the car resignedly and went inside. Old Merridew was waiting for him. "I've been here an hour," he said irritably. "Where have you been?"

"Market," said Gabriel absently. He was thinking of something else. "Have you sold the building business yet? I need money for a new cowshed."

"Business takes time." Old Merridew fussed with his brief-case. "Besides, there are other things to settle. I want to see Nannie, whoever she might be, and Baxter. And hurry them up, I haven't got long."

Gabriel Blunt went through to the kitchen. Nannie and Baxter were drinking tea together. Mr. Blunt noticed that Baxter's red gold hair was still rumpled. He said abruptly, "You're wanted in the library, both of you. Uncle Rufus's solicitor is here." They followed him into the other room.

"Now," said Old Merridew, "I've only ten minutes." A parchment crackled in his hand. "Rufus Blunt left a second will with his private bankers which has only just come into our possession. Naturally, we assumed that we were the only ones holding a copy of his will, but this appears to have been made at a later date. Now, let me see. . . ."

"He's left me something?" Baxter's eyes were shining. "He remembered. He remembered Colonel after all!"

"Please do not interrupt," said Old Merridew severely. "Let me see . . . ah yes. To Nannie, I leave the lodge at Thornby Farm for the term of her natural life and. . . ."

"Landsakes!" Nannie collapsed into a chair.

"To Baxter," went on old Merridew, ignoring her, "my property Thornby Farm in its entirety, together with what stock shall be on it at the time of my death." Old Merridew folded the parchment. "The rest is the same," he said, looking at Gabriel. "You retain the building concern and the flat in St. James. In view of that you may not still wish to sell."

"But. . . ." Baxter was standing against the wall, looking like a ghost. "But he didn't mean . . . not me. It's . . . it's wrong."

"It's not wrong," said old Merridew waspishly. "And when you have time you must come and see me. There are deeds to be arranged. I've got to go now."

"Wait . . . please . . ." said Baxter. But old Merridew was already through the door, muttering as he went.

Baxter burst into tears.

"Now, now," said Gabriel Blunt. He smiled at both of them. "I'm very glad," he said and meant it.

Baxter held her hands to her face. "But I don't want it! I . . . I. . . ."

"Baxter," said Mr. Blunt softly, "don't be silly. You were made for this place. I had a feeling I didn't really fit. And anyway I'm still well off. I can buy ten farms." He moved to the door. "I've got to unload the brake."

THE alarm went off at five. Gabriel Blunt rolled out of bed. He reached for his gumboots and in the act of reaching for them, remembered that he no longer needed them. He grinned wryly and walked over to the wash basin. When he was shaved and dressed he packed his hold-all, then he stood at the window for a moment looking out across the fields misty in the half light. He hadn't seen Baxter since old Merridew had left and now he shouldn't see her. And better so, he thought to himself.

He was off again, a rover. He tiptoed down the stairs and let himself out the back door. Then lifting his bag to his shoulder he set off across the fields.

The sun was up when he reached the station. He bought his ticket. "When's the next train?" he asked the man.

"You've an hour, sir."

"Right." Gabriel Blunt carried his bag into the waiting-room and sat down. In spite of the long walk he felt cold. He turned up the collar of his coat.

He must have dozed off because he was wakened suddenly by the screech of brakes and the slam of a car door. Then Baxter was in the doorway looking at him. She was wearing her corduroys as she had been the first day he saw her and her red gold hair was loose. For a moment Gabriel Blunt thought time had played a trick on him.

"Don't go," she said breathlessly, "don't go."

"Baxter," said Gabriel Blunt despairingly, and caught her as she ran forward. Baxter clung to him. "Oh, Baxter," said Mr. Blunt deeply, "I wanted to share it with you and now I've nothing to share."

Baxter wound her arms round his neck. "Can't you see?" she said. "Can't you see it doesn't mean anything without you?" They went out to the car together.

A porter stumbled after them as the car started. "Your bag, sir! You've forgotten your bag!"

"Keep it," yelled Gabriel Blunt and turned the car for home.

END

Judgment Of Paris

(*Continued from page 15*)

towards the ankle. I'd say, in fact, that Dior now favours the length at which Englishwomen have worn their tweed country skirts for years. And very nice, too. The American buyers certainly thought so—they were there in battalions, buying with that dedicated concentration which distinguishes them from the buying species from other parts of the world. And what America buys (with the world market to choose from) *has* to be a good, saleable proposition.

Hurrying from one collection to another, up and down roads and avenues where chestnut trees shade pavements worn into grooves by the feet of fashion journalists, I found many common denominators in all the collections. The bulky-topped look in coats and suits; the masses of short topcoats; the "melon" sleeve-cut; the enormous importance of the Princess dress (this year, diaphragms are so flat that an extra ounce of flesh over the ribs means Doom); the disappearance of the extravagantly full-skirted dress worn over many petticoats; little hats; and lots and lots of fur.

During the week I talked with fashion editors—all full of praise for Balenciaga, that purist among designers. . . . Lunched with English dress manufacturers at out-of-door restaurants—and talked of music and the theatre. . . . Found my own favourite tiny restaurants for Left Bank dining closed for the month of August. . . . Changed my shoes constantly to ease my aching feet—and was glad to see that some of Dior's shoes have inch-and-a-half heels, instead of the 3½-inch pin-heels worn by most models. . . . Cross-questioned mannequins as to exactly what they *were* wearing under the new clothes (they all said guepieres were Out—and Dior has forbidden corsets under his beltless dresses, though some models wore inflatable bras to emphasise this year's bosomy look). . . . Heard with pleasure that the French Couture is using wools and tweeds from at least two famous British firms. . . . Was seized with mortal longing for a grey, tab-fastened suit from Balmain; a short topcoat from Castillo at Lanvin; a tartan-lined black coat at Madeleine de Rauch; and a wild-rose pin draped jersey dress from Gres. . . . Was sprayed after each collection with the newest "perfume of the House" (the mélange of fragrances in my wardrobe now is nothing short of anaesthetising). . . . Went to a cocktail party given for the buyers by Monsieur Simoni (chef de publicité to fashion's Golden Boy, Jacques Fath) where the guests fanned themselves in a lovely trellised courtyard; the women were immensely chic, and all the buyers full of enthusiasm for Fath's delicious collection. . . . And walked around Paris a good deal owing to the strikes.

Tired and somewhat dishevelled in the plane coming back, I reflected that the short-skirt scare was indeed only a scare. It is a *mouvement*, and will be adapted, interpreted and painlessly absorbed into the solid fabric of everyday fashion. Sleepily, I reflected that Dior was much too great a designer and far too good a salesman to launch anything unsaleable, or unadaptable to your life and mine, and prepared to dismiss the whole question from my mind. As I nodded off, the plump woman next to me overcame her fear of flight, and turning to me: "You been to Paris? What's all this about Dior?" she said.

Here we go again!

END

It's The Women Who Choose

(*Continued from page 20*)

trated on giving increased mechanical efficiency with better suspension (road springing), which should make for more reliable performance together with swifter, smoother and quieter travel.

Contrary to popular belief, many women, when choosing coachwork, prefer black and chrome; while husbands often pick fancy colours which are not only impractical in an English climate, but also make it difficult for a woman to choose clothes which will fit in with the *décor*.

Young, unmarried women who drive for pleasure prefer the coupé every time. Most of these discerning women are excellent drivers. They demand good acceleration, light, accurate steering and a sound braking system, and they are certainly being offered these benefits in some of the new models such as the Sunbeam Alpine Sports roadster, which should prove a big feminine favourite.

Another car that will catch the eye of many women at Earls Court is its slightly more sedate sister, the Sunbeam-Talbot convertible coupé, which suits all weathers. Here again, I notice the manufacturers have bowed to women's whims and have wisely offered individual front seats, as against the rather prevalent bench type. Many women dislike bench seating because it gives no individual adjustment when travelling with taller or shorter companions—they find themselves either too far forward, or nearly in the boot!

And talking of luggage boots, I should say there will be an increase of about some ten per cent in their capacity this year, without any loss of passenger room. Incidentally, on (*Continued on page 80*)

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the Wolseley Four Fortyfour saloon there is a thoughtful arrangement which will appeal to the so-called weaker sex.

Precisely counterbalanced by twin torsion bars in the hinges, the boot door can be raised and lowered literally with one finger. Even strong men sometimes complain about the weight of luggage compartment lids. By mounting the petrol tank forward of the luggage space and the spare wheel vertically at one side, the height of the boot is also greatly increased.

Among the other refinements I noticed is the fitting of small vanity mirrors behind the sun visors; so that, if you are riding in the front, you will be able to pull down the visor and do your facial "running repairs" as comfortably as if you were in front of the dressing-table.

Exterior driving mirrors are also offered as optional extras by most makers, because women, who are often short, find it difficult to see behind when using the interior mirror, usually fitted high up. You will appreciate, also, the new easy-clean roof interior. Instead of the old-fashioned felt lining, a plastic surface has been substituted. This can be made spotless in a second by wiping with a damp cloth.

Heaters and radios, both popular with all women, are also available on most modern cars—usually as optional extras. To conclude, therefore, refinement rather than revolution will be the keynote of the new cars displayed for your favour when the curtain is rung up on the Motor Show this year.

END

It's The Women Who Choose

Cookery

(*Continued from page* 54)

6 cloves garlic
4 tablespoons olive oil
1 large minced onion
1 large cupful tomato
½ cup water
1 teaspoon each thyme and marjoram
½ bayleaf
A very little black pepper
¾ lb. macaroni or spaghetti

First halve each clove of garlic and cook slowly in the oil. Then remove them—they will have done their work. Add onion, stir, and cook slowly for ten minutes. Add tomato, water, seasoning and herbs. Cook for half an hour, stirring frequently. Mix with the cooked paste. Just before serving, grate a little nutmeg on top. No cheese is served with this dish.

There is a theory that the more garlic you eat, the less it smells. I wouldn't vouch for that!

Last recipe: *Pasta al pomidoro con acciughe.* It needs:

1 medium onion
1 clove garlic
4 tablespoons olive oil
1 large cupful tomato juice
1 teaspoon sweet basil
½ bayleaf
1 small tin anchovies in oil
¾ lb. spaghetti

Fry the minced garlic and onion in the oil, then add the tomato and the seasoning. Cook slowly for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the anchovies and their oil, stir well, and stand for five minutes, so that the flavours blend. Mix with the hot spaghetti and serve. Top with grated cheese.

I am, as you will have gathered, a pasta addict, and being fortunate enough to live in London, Old Compton Street in Soho is my happy hunting ground. All the ingredients for the above dishes can be obtained there, including dried mushrooms if fresh are unobtainable. If, however, you have to use dried mushrooms, use them in the proportion of one ounce of dried for every quarter-pound of fresh mushrooms specified.

Before the war, one of the shops in Soho used to employ six women to do nothing but make pasta of all kinds. They made it in a room with a large window into the street. All the women were plump, to put it kindly. It was my delight to go there once a week, just to stand outside and watch the six women mixing and kneading the dough, rolling it and cutting it, in a lovely rhythm, their rounded hips and beautiful plump arms moving in unison. I've never seen a ballet to equal it. They still make the pasta the same way, I believe; but not, alas, in public!

END

Nicolette The Saracen Captive

(*Continued from page* 32)

separate ships and carried off, only to be parted more irrevocably still when the Saracen squadron was scattered by a storm.

The surging waters played strange tricks on the lovers. Aucassin's vessel, by an odd chance, was carried to the country of Beaucaire where, his father being dead, he was welcomed as Count and installed in the castle.

But an even more remarkable fate awaited Nicolette. The ship on which she was imprisoned belonged to the King of Carthage himself—her own father, from whom she had been stolen when a baby. Without recognizing her, he and his twelve sons, all kings or princes, paid homage to her great beauty and treated her with special favours. But not until she had reached Carthage, her birthplace, did she tell her royal father that his long-lost daughter stood before him.

Joyfully acclaiming the return of his daughter the king took Nicolette to his palace and feasted her royally. Some four years passed, with Nicolette ever thinking of Aucassin, until the time came for her to be married. But her father's choice of a husband for her—a pagan Spanish king for whom she felt no affection—steeled her finally to the romantic resolve to leave Carthage and seek out her one true love.

And so she quit her father's castle and took shelter in the humble home of a poor woman in the port of Carthage, there darkening her skin and hair and disguising herself as a wandering troubadour. Carrying her viol, she obtained passage on a ship sailing to France; and here, playing and singing, she made her way through the countryside until she arrived at the castle of Beaucaire.

Under the frowning castle battlements she sang—for Aucassin's ear—songs of Nicolette. Her lover heard her and, much moved, asked this dark-skinned minstrel from afar if she knew the girl of whom she sang; and on finding that she knew her well, and knew her whereabouts, gave her money to go and bring Nicolette back to him.

Weeping, Aucassin bade Godspeed to this bearer of such happy tidings; and as Nicolette left him she said, "Sire, do not dismay, for in a little while I shall have brought her to thee, and thou wilt see her."

Away went Nicolette to the house of her old guardian the Viscount (now dead), there to remove her minstrel's guise and adorn herself for her lover. When she was ready she sent the Viscountess to Aucassin, and this good lady said to him: "Aucassin, make no more sorrow, but come with me and I will show thee that which thou lovest most in all the world. For it is Nicolette, thy sweet friend, that hath come from far lands to seek thee."

Thus at last for Aucassin and the beautiful Nicolette the tale ends happily—a simple, charming, unassuming tale, but one whose hero and heroine stand high among the memorable lovers in the pages of literature.

END

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